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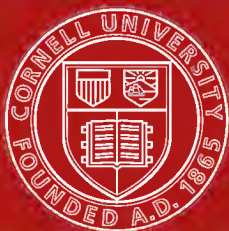
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LETTERS
OF
JOHN HAY
AND
EXTRACTS FROM DIARY

VOLUME III

WASHINGTON

1908

PRINTED BUT NOT PUBLISHED

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LETTERS
OF
JOHN HAY

HAY TO BISHOP LEONARD.

800 Sixteenth Street,
Washington, D. C.

DEAR BISHOP LEONARD:

I have sent you a book of Leonard Genealogy, the result of long years of misdirected labor by my mother's cousin, Hon. M—— L——, of Southbridge, Mass.¹ On page 24, you will see that by the marriage of my great-grandfather, I became a descendant of both the Taunton and Bridgewater Leonards.

This is a matter of no importance unless it helps make me a relation of yours; in that case I shall

¹ A Memorial, Genealogical, Historical, and Biographical, of Solomon Leonard, 1637, of Duxbury and Bridgewater, Mass., and some of his descendants. Anburn, N. Y., 1896.

think better of my great-grandfather's judgment in matrimony.

My cousin M——'s greatest discovery was that the "boy" who assisted Mrs. Hannah Dustan in exterminating an Indian camp in Contoocock, was a Leonard. It was really a remarkable bit of detective work.

HAY TO E. A. ABBEY.

800 Sixteenth Street,
Lafayette Square, Feb. 11, 1896.

MY DEAR ABBEY:

. . . . We shall be here, bar accidents, until early June, and then we go to our beloved and barbarous camp in New Hampshire for the summer. I wish you and Mrs. Abbey could come to us there. You never saw a place so wild and rude, ten minutes' drive from a New England railway. It is an old neighborhood, fast reverting to a state of nature—and you could sketch birches, beeches, spruces and hemlocks, and every variety of granite, through the long summer day.

I have gone twice to Boston to look at your

Galahad series, with new pleasure and admiration each time. You have done the job, old man! You have made your unquestionable place in the art of this generation. And the Shakespeare drawings! I saw a few of them at a picture-shop here. They are bully, as my children say in a language which I used to think hideous, but which seems to be current now in the best society. Whom do they belong to? and are they ever to be accessible to the public? I covet some of them; my fingers itch for them. I have the book, of course, and take great comfort in it, but the drawings have a grandiosity and style that are extremely captivating.

We thought of you when we were in Italy very often—particularly in the Giusti Gardens at Verona.

We have a dullish winter here in spite of the glut of news and sensations in the papers. S—— and G—— are both here, taking the world by the collar and making it behave. We have to open and shut doors, as in an old-fashioned farce, to keep them from meeting each other.

A—— is here, though he dates his letters from Florida to keep people from calling on him; and

K—— has passed the winter in the Sierras on his hopeless quest of El Dorado.

. . . . Poor Lord L—— ; his death followed hard upon your letter. And V—— P—— to succeed him? Is it possible? The choice of the Laureate was amazing ;—passing over S—— and L. M——, who were, of course, out of the question, but who should at least have kept the place vacant awhile,—there was K——, a glorious young cock-erel, with a crow like a spring morning.

HAY TO H—— H——.

April 13, 1896.

MY DARLING H—— :

Herein I send you the most important communication you have ever received. It is from the great Mr. A——, Editor-in-Chief of *H——*, not typewritten, but set down in his own hand, three pages of it. Has he not a beautiful epistolary style? Certain sure, no editor ever wrote me so beautiful a letter. I told him, if he liked either, to take one and send me back t'other and lo! he has gobbled both.

I can only add my love and congratulations. You need not hurry to repeat this success—it may be years before the sonnets are printed. But you may be reasonably sure that nobody you know has ever made such a hit on their first try at *H*——'s.

The weather yesterday and to-day has been perfect though rather warm. It was so warm yesterday that I trembled for Mrs. B——; but to-day is equally fine and C—— has just started off for the Eclipse grounds. I should have gone, but I am all warped up.

HAY TO ADAMS.

Washington, April 17, 1896.

To you, O Globe Trotter, light of my lonely soul, to whom all wisdom is an open scroll, and to whom Truth is as easy as Sin:—Health and Prosperity.

With your usual unmerited luck you have got Upper-deck room E, per *T*——, May 20, while I, merely because I am righteous and provident,

stew and stifle in a far forward kennel on the deck below. But a time will come—*Tremblez, tyrans!* when an outraged proletariat will have reason of your luxury and pride.

We are much the same. We and Maceo larruped los Señores Españoles at La Chuza—which it would have done your insurgent heart good to see it. W—— has been complaining all along that we wouldn't stop and fight with him. So just by way of a friendly accommodation—not to spoil sport—Maceo attacked the Alfonso Trece regiment and drove it seven miles into the sea under cover of a gunboat. And even yet W—— does not seem happy.

Our weather is sub-tropical. For three days our thermometers have stood at 80° to 85°—yesterday made a jump to 95°. The trees are putting on their delayed Easter clothes. The magnolia in our Square is worthy the consideration of a Japanese poet. . . . As for me, I pass my days wishing for heavenly days and dreamful nights for you and your amiable companions.

HAY TO C—— S—— H——.

London, W., June 1, 1896.

I don't think I said anything to you about the new landing stage at Liverpool. You steam gently up, walk ashore, and in a few minutes find your baggage and step into a train which is waiting for you at the water-side. It is solid comfort after the miserable experience we used to have of the trip on the tug from the steamer to the wharf. The journey from Liverpool to London was delightful—bright sunshine all the way and the hedges all white with the May.

I left H—— at home and then went off to call on Mrs. M—— F——. I found her asleep in the drawing room of a forlorn house in C—— street with the younger daughter. H—— happened to be in: he spends all the week but Sunday on some charitable work, slum-work, I think; I don't quite understand it. I asked him to dine but he could not come.

W—— has been here and asked us to visit Cambridge, but the time seems too short. If we can get a day we will probably go to Oxford, which H—— has not seen. To-day we go to

Mrs. D——'s at 3 to hear a lecture by Gosse on Matthew Arnold. Then we come home and wait for our company.

HAY TO C—— S—— H——.

London, W., Tuesday, June 2, 1896.

Our dinner party passed off pretty well, I think. I sat by the butler's pantry door and, of course, in a draft. But it is no use struggling against fate. I shan't be without a cold till I get to Newbury.

I passed yesterday morning at the Royal Academy. The best things there—easily the best, are Sargent's portraits, of J—— C—— and Princess D——, and A——'s Richard III and Lady Anne. It is a large picture, mostly red and black and very powerful in composition as well as in color. The rest is, on the whole, dull and disappointment. This morning we went to Guild Hall to see the loan collection of English water colors: they are fine.

A——'s man called to-day and asked us to see, in private, some of the gems of the G—— collec-

tion. We went over and they were beautiful enough to make you weep. I shall have to leave a bid or so—but I shall put them so low that I shan't get anything.

HAY TO C—— S—— H——.

London, W., June 5, 1896.

Wednesday night we dined with the B——s at T——'s Hotel. They have an elegant apartment and the dinner was very good. Only the M——s, F——s, W——s and a young man named P——. S—— B—— was there. The F——s were very nice and invited us to lunch, but we could not go. We had arranged to go to Oxford Thursday. C—— was there (Sir Robt.), and we thought we might catch F—— and make a pleasant day of it. But A—— got a letter at the last moment saying that F—— had a great match game that day with the Australians and could not give us one minute, and Sir Robert had to go back to Acton, and even B—— sent his deep regrets that he had to go to the great day at Eton. But as we had reserved the day for the

purpose, we concluded to go all the same. The day was beautiful and we spent it pleasantly enough wandering about the different buildings and gardens. We got back at six and I thought there would still be time to call on Mrs. B——, so tore down there, but found the door had been shut at six. So I wrote her a humble apology and will have to let it go at that.

I forgot to say we went to "The Grand Duke," Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera, Tuesday. Everybody said it was a dead failure, etc. But we found the play very funny and the music extremely pretty. The prima donna is a Hungarian, I think, Miss I—— P——, who speaks with a strong foreign accent, but sings nicely and acts very gracefully.

We start for Paris to-morrow morning: our home there is to be at the W—— Hotel.

P. S. We have just come back from our lunch at the C——s. It was small and nice. Lady G—— was there, A—— R—— T—— and her Prince, Lord S——, and another Lord whose name I did not catch and a Mrs. B——, who was very pleasant. M—— told me to sit by Lady G——, but C——, "No, that brings T—— by his

wife"; so I lost the chance of my life.¹ But A—— was very amusing, although she has water on the knee. F—— is a great big handsome fellow.

They live in B——'s house. It is a lovely one full of Burne-Jones pictures.

HAY TO C—— S—— H——.

Paris, June 7, 1896.

I will take advantage of the quiet moment after breakfast and before church while the desk is unoccupied, to say we are here and all pretty well. There was a sudden fall in the temperature between here and London. The night was cold and to-day the sky is overcast and it is not at all warm and muggy as it was in England.

Our last day in London was quite racketty. I wrote you about our lunch at the C——s and all the quality we saw there. We dined at the W——s in company equally dazzling. Lord and Lady R——, Lord and Lady W——, Lady L——, the C——s, Sir Wm. H——, Lord P——, Lord and Lady C——, and young C——, younger brother of G——. I sat between Lady

R—— and Lady L—— (she is Lord R——'s sister) and H—— sat between young C—— and Lord W——. E—— was placed between J—— C—— and Sir Wm. H——, and had a very merry time. Old Sir W—— flirted with her in his most elephantine manner and occasionally he and C—— would fight across her, on politics, in a very savage though courteous manner. It was a chance that a girl of her age rarely gets to see the greatest politicians of the time, in their hours of ease.

After dinner, in the smoking room, I sat between Lord C—— and C—— and had some very interesting conversation with each of them. My talk with C—— was especially important. I was urging him to have the V—— question settled before McK—— came in, and he said they were doing all they could, but that V—— would not treat separately, now that she had been encouraged so by the U. S. He hopes that both countries may agree to arbitration.

My letter to the *T*—— appears to have been read more than anything I ever wrote. Everybody I meet speaks of it—most with approval, but some thinking I am wrong in being so sure of M——'s nomination. S—— and the *H*——

have greatly influenced people's minds against McK——. But next week will show them. In fact, the little *H*—— of this morning virtually gives it up.

The *C*—— was after me for several days for an interview. I fought it off till the last day and then concluded I might as well say a good word for McK——. I enclose it to you. It is wrong in many particulars, but the general impression is all right. I did it to reach the immense radical constituency of the *C*——. It is *H*—— *N*——'s paper.

I had a long talk with Mrs. *C*—— after dinner. She is as fresh and young as ever ; I never saw her looking better.

Then we went on to the *A*——'s. We were a little late in getting there and people were coming away so that there was no crush. We met the *B*——s, *T*——s, *C. D. G*——, Lady *R*—— *C*——, Lord *B*——, *E*—— *Y*——, *A*—— *H*——, Mrs. *D*——, and others. *D*—— and *A*—— were very gracious, deplored our sudden departure, made us promise to let them know in advance when we come again, etc.

We had a good day for crossing the Channel and a pleasant journey all the way.

HAY TO C—— S—— H——.

Paris, June 11, 1896.

It has been raining almost all the time since we arrived, but that has not prevented us from doing everything we wanted to do. We have walked wearily through the two great salons. Of the two, the Champs de Mars is far the more interesting. Z—— has a magnificent portrait of himself, S—— a splendid full length of a young Englishman, C—— D—— a lot of fairly good things, and A—— a whole room to himself for his Shakespere drawings. They are magnificent—the best thing, taken altogether, in the show. The Salon in the Champs Elysées is far inferior. There is an endless mass of pictures, but little worth mentioning. B—— - C—— gets the great medal of honor for a big portrait of a commonplace, middle-aged lady in a red dress.

We have been to the Theatre twice, once to the Oeil Crevé and once to see Mounet Sully in *Hamlet*—a magnificent performance. The translation is very close to Shakespeare and the play is given entire, lasting for hours. There were several shivery passages in it, and Mounet's

shrieks and bellowings were rather harrowing—but I was very glad to see it and have the girls see it.

HAY TO C—— S—— H——.

Paris, June 13, 1896.

We fill the days with different kinds of idleness. We see no one socially. I called at the Londres to see Mrs. N——, but she was not at home, and E—— called here, but everybody was out. W—— T—— asked us to dine at the Restaurant L—— in the Champs Elysées, a big place, half garden, half house. We had a scrambling dinner, neither good nor bad; besides ourselves, F—— B—— and Mr. and Mrs. McV——, the artist. They were very chatty and cheery young people. After dinner, he made a sketch for H—— and one for E——, with which they will adorn their scrap books.

We spent most of the day yesterday at St. Germain: had lunch in the Pavilion Henry IV, with the glorious view of the great plain and Paris in the distance and then drove for an

hour or more in the great Forest. It was a lovely drive.

This morning we gave up to the Louvre and walked about the great galleries till we were weary and footsore.

I forgot to tell you a joke about E——. Lord W—— sat next H—— at W——'s, and was telling her who the people were at the table. When he came to E—— W—— he said, "That is Miss de R——."

The girls now talk of going to Holland next week, to get through that before the boys arrive. When they come, if they feel like it, we will all go to Italy together, *i. e.*, Northern Italy, Mantua, Padua, Ravenna, Rimini. We will not go so far south as Rome. Coming back, we may take in Vienna, Nuremberg, etc. But nothing is fixed. We may change our minds any day.

HAY TO C—— S—— H——.

Paris, June 16 and 17, 1896.

Our Parisian visit is drawing to a close. We leave to-morrow, Wednesday, for Antwerp and Holland. We expect to take about a week or ten days at most with the trip and then to return here and meet the boys, who will then be arriving from over seas.

We have been doing nothing worth telling since last writing. Sunday we went to Church—H—— and I. Dr. M—— preached no sermon, but read a "painful letter" from the Trustees saying the church was in debt and that the collections did not near pay expenses. They made a calculation showing that the congregation on an average did not contribute more than 16 cents a week each. He deplored the quantity of coppers and small silver and the rarity of gold and paper. He alluded to his impending departure, and altogether it was not a lively occasion. When the "sasser" went around I did not see much gold in it.

Yesterday A—— and I were left to ourselves as the girls had some shopping to do. I went to

C—— and got the tickets for Antwerp and then to M——, H—— & Co., for some money. After that A—— and I called at the Embassy. Mr. E—— was out and we sat awhile with V——. Then went to C——'s—the new cafe in the Champs Elysées—and ordered dinner. Then called at the C—— and found them all out. Then went to the Café F—— and had breakfast; went to the Luxembourg and found it closed; then to half a dozen other places and found them all closed. Then got on a boat and rode down the Seine to the Trocadero and there disembarked; got on an omnibus and rode back: found ourselves in the Rue L—— and went to D—— - R——'s, who showed us not only his modern crazy things but a magnificent Rembrandt and others. (By the way, it was just as well I did not leave any bids for that sale at London. The pictures went at frantic prices.) Then we came home tired and footsore and dressed for dinner. It was a very nice dinner and a small band of Neapolitan musicians played and sang.

We spend to-day at Fontainebleau and start for Antwerp to-morrow.

June 17, 1896. We had a delightful day at

Fontainebleau. We lunched at the little tavern, had coffee in the cool garden and then spent an hour or so in the Palace. After that a long drive through the Forest, broken by walks through the woods and rocks. It is the prettiest thing I have seen in France.

At night I took the girls to the Ambigu, an old fashioned melodrama of murders, and noble sentiments. The whole house wept and blew their noses in chorus, and the girls laughed so, I was afraid the police would put us out. R—— took A—— to the place where you see skeletons and coffins, etc.

HAY TO C—— S—— H——.

Anvers, le June 18, 1896.

Thus far on the road to Holland. We had a very pleasant and easy journey from Paris. Cook said he could not engage us a compartment, but he was better than his word, and we found a man waiting for us at the station and fighting off the multitude who wanted to take our compartment by storm. We were fortunate enough to keep it

all day—as it was a fast express and very few stops. The Belgian country is very pretty, though tame and highly cultivated ; much like England. We got here at 7.30 and it was amusing to see the businesslike way in which Anna C—— (the new maid) took charge of things. She hustled me out of the way (which suited me perfectly), and made us all go ahead to the omnibus while she attended to the baggage.

This morning we started out bright and early and got a carriage—a landau, which was a great comfort after Paris, where they have nothing but skimpy little Victorias which are torture to the third person on the strapontin. We went first to the Cathedral, where there was a big funeral in progress. The organ formed a fine accompaniment to the sightseeing. In the Rubens chapel I found that the last of his descendants was a Baroness de Havre—who would be a cousin of Dr. M——. The “Descent from the Cross” was as magnificent as ever. It is in color and composition, I think, the greatest of the works of Rubens.

We went next to the Museum. It is a new building in the new part of the city, and the pictures were better arranged than they were in

the old one. I found all my old favorites and they seemed finer than ever. That is the best test of really great works. There are also a great many very fine things by modern Belgian artists, such as Verlat and Baron Leys. There is a fine portrait of Bouguereau, by himself. That reminds me that he is soon to marry Miss G——, his favorite pupil, who paints just like him.

This is a very nice hotel. We have a good-sized salon, an immense room for the girls, and two others on the first floor, on the square. I do not know whether our luck will hold, but I hope we shall go forward as we did in Italy, growing finer at every change.

After lunch we started out again and went for a long drive about the town; saw all the notable quarters and only got out twice: once to visit the old Plantin-Moretus Museum, the house of the great patrician family of printers, who were so distinguished from the early days of printing to the present time. The government have now bought the house—an immense building—and turned it into a Museum of Engraving and Printing. It was all very beautiful and interesting. Then we went to the Zoological Gardens—the first in Europe. There was a little baboon

there who would have delighted C——; he was so gay and funny. A magnificent African lion began roaring when we looked at him; all the rest joined in and the noise was deafening. E—— W—— took a hideous fancy to the pythons and we could hardly get her away from their cage.

To-night we are thoroughly tired and shall go to bed early. I will write you next from the Hague.

HAY TO C—— S—— H——.

Amsterdam, June 22, 1896.

We got up this morning bright and early and concluded that we would save time by going to Haarlem at once, instead of going first to Amsterdam and then back to Haarlem. We sent the good Anna forward with the baggage and got off: took a carriage and a man who spoke nothing but Dutch, but got along well enough with a little German. We went first to the Stad Huis and saw the beautiful corporation picture of Franz Hals, the target companies of Haarlem painted in groups by the wonderful master. Then we went

to the Old Church where they have lately been discovering brilliant paintings on the pillars of the nave, just as they did at Verona, you remember. There was a lot of old rubbish for sale on the square outside of the church. H—— went wild over an old iron box which weighed about a ton. I told her she might have it; but it would have been a job to get it home and I was glad when she gave it up. There were a lot of painted chairs and corner-cupboards, of no special value, but very queer and amusing. The getting-home problem kept them from investing; and they at last contented themselves with buying two old brass tobacco boxes. We took lunch at a fine new hotel, a good chop and fresh peas, at D—— prices, and then walked down to the station leisurely, being told we had half an hour to spare. But the minute we got there a train came by and we jumped in and came to Amsterdam. There are two or three different kinds of time, and there is no way of reconciling them.

We have been favored all along with exquisite weather. Not a drop of rain has fallen at hours that would incommode us. The weather is almost too cool; it is hard to imagine we are past the

middle of June. Last night I was so cold I had to get up and put an edredon on my bed.

I had ordered the Hotel W—— to forward letters here and so was looking forward to the pleasure of hearing from you. But the hall porter came strutting forward with a letter for E—— and I went sadly up-stairs,—to find your nice long letter of the 7th and 8th on the table of our parlor and a letter for H—— from A——, which must have been interesting to judge by the pleasure which she got out of it, though she would not divide it with me. So we were comforted. Thanks for the scraps. They were all very interesting. What a sad ending of poor K—— F——'s life! But her later days had little joy and brightness in them. She was a woman of great talent and good intentions, but on the whole her life was a failure.

We started out this afternoon for a drive. When we came by the Zoological Gardens, E—— W—— (who has recently taken on the pose of adoring snakes) said she could not live another minute without seeing one of her dear Pythons. She jumped out and A—— after her, and left H—— and me to our ride alone. We drove up and down the great canals, the magnificent

wharves, the stately lines of residences, Jew quarter, and had an agreeable hour or so. We went back for our serpent worshippers, but could not find them, and so came home. They came in an hour later.

We have splendid rooms on the first floor. The Italian experience seems to be repeating itself.

HAY TO C—— S—— H——.

Amsterdam, June 25, 1896.

Our legs are broken and our eyes are like boiled gooseberries with the work of going through the Museums. We got at last so tired that we would not look at even a Rembrandt portrait. The treasures of art this city contains are simply amazing. I had quite forgotten how much there was. Yesterday morning we took an early start. Went first to the Royal Palace, which was built for an Hotel de Ville, but given to Louis Napoleon for a palace when he was King and has ever since been a palace. It is a splendid municipal building but hardly fitted for a resi-

dence. The finest thing about it is the sculpture, which is splendid.

Then we went to the diamond cutters. It was wonderful to see them cut a diamond in two and never waste an atom of it. They were all Jews and extremely intelligent looking. One man handled soft hot lead in his fingers, just as if it were ice cream.

Then we went to the F—— Museum, mostly modern French, with one room of old drawings, just about as good and as many as we have. But the most delightful hour of all was a visit to the House of Burgomaster Six, the friend and patron of Rembrandt. The house is like an ordinary highstoop house in New York, but crammed with old pictures and old china from top to bottom. I was quite startled to see on the table the morning's mail, letters addressed to Mrs. G. P. Six. The same family have lived in this same house three hundred years. The house is filled with portraits of the family, hardly any less than two hundred years old. The recent members do not seem to have cared to immortalize themselves that way, preferring to live in the glory of their ancestors. The butler, who showed us around, was perfectly in keeping with the house; his voice was quiet

and gentlemanly, his knowledge of the pictures perfect, and his clothes decently shabby and shining with much wear.

In the afternoon H—— gave way to a headache. So she was put to bed with antifebrine; and A—— and E—— W—— and I went to the great Museum. We walked through miles of pictures and curiosities and at last gave it up. The greatest Rembrandt in the world is here, "The Night Watch," as it is called, but it is not now considered a night picture at all, but rather full daylight in a high, vaulted hall. It is a glorious work in composition and color and kills everything else in the room. There are also very fine representations of all the great Dutch artists.

This morning we went once more to the Royal Museum to make a finish. H——, who had got over her headache, went along. She and I lost the others and never found them. We spent an hour and a half among the best pictures and came away alone, looking in at shops on the way. After we had been half an hour at the hotel the others came in, quite cross at having missed us.

We hope to get off to-night for Paris; though the railway officials are enough to drive you mad

with their foggy uncertainty. I have been three times to the station myself, and each time have seen a different man and received a different story as to our sleepers. But we trust to get them some way. On arriving at Paris we hope to hear from the boys, who ought to be in London to-day.

HAY TO C—— S—— H——.

Tours, July 2, 1896.

We have been going it at a lively rate since we left Paris. The first day we arrived here at noon, and after lunch started for Azay-le-Rideau, one of the most exquisitely beautiful private residences in the world. It dates from the early sixteenth century—the time of Francois I. It has never been attacked or worried by wars, but has always been inhabited by great and peaceful gentry. The Marquis de Biencourt is the present owner. It is full of the rarest and most precious portraits, Henry IV, Francis I, Mary, Queen of Scots and her boy husband, Henry II, Charles IX, are some of the most interesting and impor-

tant, as they are all contemporaneous and painted from life. Mary Stuart was pretty, there is no longer any doubt of it.

Yesterday we got an early start and spent some hours looking about Tours. We went to the Cathedral, where we spent about an hour—most of the time in the high gallery looking at the old glass windows, among the oldest and first in Europe, averaging about 600 years old. Then we went for a walk through the town, saw a lot of beautiful old houses, some of them dating back to the fifteenth century. We took a train at eleven and went to Saumur and then took carriages and drove ten miles to see the famous Abbey of Fontevraud. It dates from the eleventh century and was formerly one of the greatest religious establishments of Europe, ruled over by Abbesses, who were generally princesses and often of royal blood. The particular attraction of the place is that it is the burial place of the Plantagenet kings of England. Richard Coeur de Lion lies there, and his painted marble effigy is probably the only portrait of him in existence, which looks as he did.

To-day we went first to Amboise. It is a glorious Chateau, built on a steep cliff overlooking the Loire. It is in course of restoration

by the Duke d'Aumale. Every inch of it is full of the history of the Valois Kings. The conspiracy of Amboise, where the massacre of the Protestant noblemen took place under the eyes of Catherine de Medici, Francois II and his wife Mary Stuart, becomes startlingly real when you are there upon the ground. We had lunch there at a pretty hotel, the Lion d'Or, and then drove through the forest of Amboise—a beautiful piece of country—to Chenonceau. This is the exquisite little palace which belonged to Diane de Poitiers and afterwards to Catherine de Medici. It was the abode of various other royal and princely personages, and in late years of the unfortunate Madame Pelouza, who went to smash with her brother, D—— W——, G——'s son-in-law; it was then bought by the rich Cuban, T——, who still owns it and is doing an enormous amount of restoration on it. The palace is built right over the Cher, on great arches, under which run the swift waters of the river, and you cannot imagine anything more beautiful than it is. I wish T—— would invite you and me down there some time on a little visit. It would be amusing to sleep in the rooms where dozens of royalties have lived. If we saw any ghosts, they would probably be

lively ones, like Henry of Navarre, Diane de Poitiers and Gabrielle d'Esterees. We had a walk of a mile to the station, which turned to a run at last, for the first rain we have struck came down on us. But there was not much of it and we did not get wet.

Even if there were no castles and palaces to see, this country is well worth a visit. It is the oldest civilized part of France, much older than the north in historical interest, and shows the most exquisite and careful cultivation. It is a sweet country to look at, and I hope to see it again some day with you. Before I come again, I want to read a good many books of history and romance, the scene of which is laid here.

To-morrow we go to Loches—you can find all these names in the cyclopædia if it interests you—and returning here for the last time we go to Blois and then to Chambord.

HAY TO C—— S—— H——.

Paris, Sunday, July 5, 1896.

Let me see ! I do not think I have written to you since we left Tours. Our last day there we made an early start and went to visit the Chateau and donjons of Loches. It was a wonderfully interesting place and although I rather dreaded the day, I was very glad I went—especially as I doubt whether you will care to go. There is an awful amount of climbing up towers and going down into oubliettes into the bowels of the earth. One folly I committed which was not appropriate to my time of life. There was one great tower of which the ascent is positively forbidden on account of the dangers. We did not see the sign, and D—— and E—— ran up the first flight of rickety steps, I following after. It got worse and worse till about the third story. I began to think about getting down, which I accomplished after a fashion, but with no desire to repeat the experience. The girls went nearly crazy in their efforts to get by heart the succession and the marriages of the Valois Kings; but they succeeded at last to a certain extent, and I hope

some of the hardly-gained knowledge will stick. It is one of the first chances to get some smattering of French history they have ever had. It is impossible to spend a week among these historic chateaux without learning a good deal of it. Blois, which we took last, was the most beautiful of all. The palace is the most exquisite bit of renaissance architecture in existence, and as the scene of the murder of the Guises by Henri III is fullest of tragic interest. The museum is full of interesting portraits, and the view from the terrace over the fertile valley of the Loire is surpassingly beautiful.

We parted from D—— at Tours, our trains not coinciding. He came up here, had an hour with R——, and started for London; since when, according to his incorrigible habit, he has given no sign of life.

Yesterday we drove out to the Chateau of Chambord, a vast, monumental palace in the woods, which has been inhabited by Henry II, Francis I, and all the rest more or less. The day was exquisite, the road framed in fields of wheat, gay with poppies and corn flowers. Then we came back to Blois, arriving in time for dinner.

R—— met us at the hotel, quite happy, though so far from well that it grieves me to see him.

We have seen nobody here except the ever-faithful L——, who came tumbling in this morning, wanting to give us his opera box or to take us to the races. We declined on account of our departure. He is certainly very kind.

We went this morning to the Huguenot Church in the Rue de Rivoli. Coming home, we met by the Louvre Mrs. C—— S—— and her two daughters. She was a Miss V——, I don't know that you ever saw her. Her two girls have been educated at C—— as architects—but do not intend to practice their profession. She says she thinks of coming to W—— to live—thinks life is cheaper and easier than in New York.

We have to get up bright and early to-morrow morning, breakfast at 7.30, and start for Basle and Italy at half after eight. We hope to be in Florence by Saturday, the 11th, where the boys are to join us; E—— cannot tear himself away from E——, even for the race. From there we go to Venice *via* Rimini and Ravenna, and then must get back here as fast as possible, or we shall never be able to get to London and Liverpool on time.

HAY TO C—— S—— H——.

Milan, July 8, 1896.

Yesterday was a delightful day for our passage of the Alps, and we had a pleasant journey, though it was long and rather hot. I don't know what to make of the youth of the present day. While we were passing through some of the loveliest scenery of the world, E—— and E—— played cribbage, and H—— kept her nose between the leaves of a novel. They could hardly be induced now and then to cast a rapid glance at the wild peaks, the lovely valleys, and the roaring torrents of the St. Gothard. We stopped at the mouth of the great tunnel, nine miles long, for lunch, and an excellent, well-ordered dinner was served in twenty minutes. These Swiss have a genius for keeping tavern that no one else in the world equals. After leaving the St. Gothard, we passed through a country of surpassing beauty, catching glimpses of Lake Maggiore at Bellinzona, of Lake Lugano, which stayed by us a long while, revealing new charms at every mile, and finally Lake Como, where we

came from Switzerland into Italy and underwent the ordeal of the Douane. All went well, until in an evil moment some douanier wanted to see the inside of Mr. A——'s "war-bag," where he carries his bath and soiled linen. The courier had not the key. That excited their suspicion still more, so they sent him to hunt up A——, who was taking a drink of beer at the buffet. The bag was opened, they searched and searched, with much jabbering and shrugging of shoulders, till at last they were rewarded by finding a box of cigars which he had thrown in there long ago and forgot them. Then they were full of glory and triumph. They trotted hither and thither, now one carried the box and now the other, all talking at once. A—— offered to pay the duties, offered to give them the box, all in vain. They had to fill up a lot of forms, and stir up a lot of officials, pay more than the stuff was worth and finally almost made us miss the train. It was a great day for Free Italy.

We got here at five, pretty tired and dirty, and the whole party went to washing themselves. Our spirits were saddened by a telegram from the boys announcing the defeat of Yale by

Leander. But I must say that I have never heard a human being, from the beginning, say he expected Yale to win. It does seem a useless thing to keep on this long, laborious, expensive attempt to rival the English rowers in their own waters.

In the dining room we met Miss B—— of D—— F——, who is travelling with E—— K——. The girls seemed glad to see each other, but not especially anxious to stay together; on E——'s announcing that they were going to the Certosa of Pavia this morning, our girls immediately resolved not to go till afternoon.

You never saw anything so funny as E—— H—— with his embroidery. E—— bought two very pretty patterns at Paris and all through Touraine and thus far on our road E—— has worked like a Turk over his, making full as much progress as E——. You ought to have a piece on hand to occupy him when he comes to the Fells.

Milan looks as it used. The Statue of Cavour in the Piazza before the hotel, comes to seem like an old friend. We have as yet seen little or nothing of the city, as we were too tired yesterday to do anything but bathe and eat—and this

morning, I am the first up and getting a word with you before breakfast. We start on our rounds as early as we can to see the Brera gallery and the Cathedral, and then start by the noon train for the Chartreuse, which I have always wanted to see but never accomplished. To-morrow at eleven we leave here for Parma, where we hope to see the Correggios. From there we are a little uncertain whether to go on to Ravenna or stop at Bologna. The boys wire us that they will be at Bologna on Monday—so that we shall do Ravenna and Rimini without them.

HAY TO C—— S—— H——.

Parma, July 10, 1896.

As I seem to be the first one up this morning, I will spend a few minutes with you before breakfast comes. We scuttled out of Milan in an awful hurry yesterday morning. I am getting disgusted with such a cyclone existence, but we shall have to keep it up now until we sail. We have bitten off more than we can comfortably chew, and so

will have to keep bobbing till the last. "The next time"—we shall see.

How we did tear through Milan. To the Bankers to replenish my exhausted exchequer; then to the old church of San Ambrozio; then to the Ambrosian Library, where we saw priceless mss. of Lucrezia Borgia, Leonardo da Vinci, Dante, and the Medicis,—then to the Picture Gallery, where we saw a lot of beautiful drawings by Rafael, Mike Angel, and Botticelli,—and then in hot haste to the station, where our wily courier had given us a rendezvous, half an hour too early. I gave him to understand that I was punctual and did not need to be fooled in the hour.

We got to Parma at two, and had a good lunch and splendid, musty, shabby rooms in a queer hotel, that looks like a Ducal palace gone to seed. The drawing room, filled with old masters and gilded eighteenth century furniture, has two beds in it—*en cas De Besoin*, but plenty of room besides. The maid, A——, thinks our young ladies are mad to have left Milan, where we were so comfortable, "to come to this savage country"—and still madder, "when they had the means to stay in Paris to go anywhere else." She says she cannot understand young ladies.

There is not much to see here, but the trains run so inconveniently that we cannot get away in less than twenty-four hours. There is a noble old Cathedral and Baptistery, older than those in Florence; some lovely frescoes by Correggio much damaged by time and hard to see and a good picture gallery with works of the Parmese school. There is an ugly palace, now used as a prefecture, where Maria Louisa, after Napoleon's death, came to live with the man of her heart as Duchess of Parma. It must have been cruel dull for her, after having been an Emperor's daughter in Vienna and an Empress in Paris.

We leave here at two and sleep to-night in Bologna. Then go on to Ravenna, returning to Bologna to meet the boys.

HAY TO C—— S—— H——.

Bologna, July 11, 1896.

We arrived here yesterday at three o'clock, after a quick and easy run from Parma. Did the New York papers give you any account of an *émeute* in the streets of Parma this week? I was afraid you might see something of it and be anxious about us. We knew nothing about it until just as we were leaving yesterday, we saw a local newspaper full of it. It happened the day before we arrived. A disorderly gathering took place; the gendarmerie tried to disperse it; the crowd resisted and one of them, a barber, was killed. The mob still raged and roared, picked up their dead comrade and laid him down at the foot of Garibaldi's statue and had a grand pow-wow. But it was all over when we came in, though there were excited groups everywhere.

Yesterday morning we devoted to the picture gallery. The day was frightfully hot, but the gallery was cool and pleasant and we stayed a good while. There are two or three of the most beautiful Correggios in the world; one exquisite

Parmigianino, only one, in the town of which he is one of the glories, where his statue stands in the public square. There are some beautiful early men also, Cima, and Francia, and two grand colossal statues in basalt, from Rome. It was very interesting to see the portraits of the famous people who had been dukes of Parma, the Farneses and Austrians and Bourbons; especially Maria Louisa, whose statue by Canova looks like the simple idiot she was. By the way, A——, speaking of her, called her “a great fool, something like Mrs. Thingamy in W——.” He would not say whom he meant, but we all compared notes afterwards and agreed he meant Mrs. ——.

I have told you all our plans from day to day as soon as they were formed. Now the story is a short one. We go to Ravenna to-morrow and stay there quietly over Sunday: come back here on Monday to meet D—— and R——. Tuesday we go to Padua and Venice, if we find we can do them both in one day—*i. e.*, do Padua and get to Venice. Three days at Venice, then go (perhaps) to Vienna and Munich and Paris as quickly as possible. Perhaps we may leave out one or both of those cities. The time is

very short and we must have a few days in Paris and a few in London. It is impossible to go to A——, or W—— or T——, to all of which we have been invited. When you come to think of it, we shall have done an enormous amount of travel in the time allotted. I shall be glad to have done it when I get home to you and find everybody safe and sound.

P. S. Did you know this hotel was an old palace built by the Ghislerii, ancestors of Pietro.

HAY TO C—— S—— H——.

Ravenna, July 12, 1896.

We came over here last night in the evening train from Bologna, having given the morning to the pictures in the gallery with which you are familiar, and to others in various churches which I had never before seen and which I think would be new to you. We all agreed in thinking Francia one of the greatest painters of his time, or of any time. We saw, too, the old University of Bologna, formerly one of the greatest

seats of learning in the world. There is one remarkably beautiful room with a splendid cedar ceiling, in which the first dissections in anatomy were made. I think there is not in the world to-day a finer dissecting room.

Our train here was fearfully crowded coming out of Bologna and we were scattered into no less than four compartments. E—— and H—— had a drunken Italian in theirs; fortunately there were some respectable elderly people also in the compartment. It is incredible the sort of rabble that now travel first-class. I can't imagine what it means. Formerly, none but decent people ever thought of taking a first-class ticket—now peasants and tradesmen crowd the train. We got here by a crawling, slow train at 9 o'clock. It was extremely hot and sultry, but a little before midnight a furious storm of thunder and lightning and rain came up and banged the doors and windows so that sleep was impossible for an hour or two.

This is a delightful hotel, an old Italian palace. They have given us nearly all the first floor and we live in splendor. The Duc de L—— recommended it to me and it is well worthy of his ducal power. We have spent

the morning in the marvellous early Christian and Byzantine churches which make this city one of the most remarkable in the world. There are several magnificent churches here of the sixth century with the original marbles and mosaics in perfect preservation. There is one magnificent group of the Empress Theodora. As I looked at it, I could think of nothing but S—— B——. The *valet de place* came up to me and said, as if reading my thoughts, that she costumed her part in the play from this mosaic and had an artist employed several weeks in Ravenna sketching the picture. It is a remarkable place to visit in every respect. I am awfully sorry about R—— and D—— losing all this, but they will not arrive in Bologna till to-morrow, and we have only time enough left for Padua and Venice before we start for Paris and London. I hope we will all get safely through the heat. I am making them all take quinine.

HAY TO C—— S—— H——.

Bologna, Tuesday, July 14, 1896.

I seem to be the first afoot this morning, and so I will write a line while waiting for breakfast. I am all packed up for the train at half past ten for Venice. We intended to stop over a train at Padua, but the heat still continues and I don't think it would be prudent to expose all these young folks to several hours of tramping about in the midday sun. So we are going directly through to Venice—where we hope the sea breezes will cool us off a little.

The boys arrived at two o'clock in the night, and we found them established in the apartment next our own, so you may imagine us living *en prince*, occupying the whole of the *piano nobile* of this magnificent old palace.

The boys had a hot journey, but did not seem to mind it. Everything is amusing at that age. It is curious to watch D——'s influence on E——. E—— has seemed to be enjoying the pictures while with us: had studied them carefully, and taken pains to get the schools and

dates, etc., in his mind. But as soon as D—— arrived and began his ignorant buffoonery about them, calling them old daubs, etc., E—— gave way and said he did not like them much himself. I dragged them through the gallery yesterday and two of the principal churches, and in the afternoon they all took the long drive to Madonna di San Luca—you remember the church on the hill from which you have the great view.

We dined at the table d'hôte last night. There were two funny old ladies there; one English, with a deep bass voice, the other with a squeaky twang. The bass one was counselling the other to take plenty of warm clothes to the Engadine. "You will often find snow there at this season." It sounded queerly to us, who felt as if we should never be cool again.

HAY TO C—— S—— H——.

Venice, July 15, 1896.

We had a short and pleasant journey from Bologna here, arriving a little after two o'clock. Everybody seemed to enjoy the ride in the

gondolas to the hotel and we had a good lunch. Our rooms look on the great Chiaji dei Schiavoni, the busiest part of Venice, and the life and bustle are more agreeable to the youngsters than to us old folks. Our first visit was to St. Mark's. The restorations are all finished, and in spite of the protestations of the liberals, like Ruskin, who were so horrified at the idea, the church is greatly improved by them. It has lost nothing in dignity and gained much in splendor.

Next we took a big gondola, the largest size, a barca, and made the tour of the Grand Canal, which was as magnificent and satisfactory as ever. After dinner the band played on the Riva, and the whole population of Venice strolled under our balconies. It is a bright and cheery spectacle. D—— says "I like this place," which is high praise from Sir Hubert. E——, who has the happy gift of spontaneous enthusiasm, says she wants to rent a palace and stay here a year. But we shall go away Friday, if we can get away. The management of European sleeping cars is too stupid for words to describe. They say they can't tell me till Friday morning whether there will be any room in the car going from Rome to Vienna. They are telegraphing

to find out whether they will give me a car of my own if I pay for all the berths—and something besides for the privilege.

A—— thinks he will leave us here. He wants to see pictures and mosaics and architecture more thoroughly than we can afford to. He has been wonderfully kind and a great resource in every way.

Mrs. W—— and A—— have completed their cures and are contemplating a trip to Scotland. I think W—— T—— must have “worked the oracle” pretty successfully to induce them to spend all their time in Paris. Mrs. W—— writes that the heat has been fearful; worse than Washington.

Our weather here is delightful—as I hoped it would be. It is hot in the sun, of course, but there is nearly always a fresh breeze blowing.

HAY TO C—— S—— H——.

Venice, July 16, 1896.

We have been doing the usual sights of Venice. We went through the Doge's palace yesterday morning, and then went back to St. Mark's and made a more thorough job of it than before. We got the sacristan to move the curtain and screen away from the Palo d'Oro and show us that wonderful altar front, composed of the oldest and richest enamelled figures in Europe, and set in solid gold enriched by an incredible amount of precious stones. There were dozens of rubies as big as a filbert, pearls, emeralds, and sapphires in profusion. The sacristan told me the stones were valued at twenty-five millions of francs, five million dollars. They showed us also the treasury of the cathedral, full of wonderful things—a bowl, seven inches across, cut out of a solid turquoise. Then we went to the Frari, and the School of San Rocco to see the great Tintoretto's, and wound up with a visit to Salviati's, where we saw them blowing glass, and bought a few things which they promise to send to my address in W——, through their agent in New York, without my

having anything to do with the custom house part of it. It was nothing important. I did it more for the experiment than anything else.

This morning we spent at the Academy. It is curious how one's taste changes in the course of years. I used to care nothing in particular for Giovanni Bellini; now his pictures charm and attract me more than anything in Venice.

Last night we had a furious storm of lightning and rain, and this morning in the midst of it two ships of war began saluting each other in front of our hotel, and every discharge shook the house to the very piles. It broke our sleep to pieces and everybody was a little droopy at breakfast. A—— intended to go off alone to Murano, but the storm prevented. This afternoon it has cleared away beautifully and he has gone. The children have gone to the Piazza shopping, all except D—— and me, who are not very bright, and are keeping house at home.

E—— announced this morning that she now expected to stick by us to the bitter end, as her family say they are going to England, and she will therefore not leave us at Paris as she expected. I shall be awfully relieved when I

deliver the whole menagerie over to their respective mothers.

We shall have no time in Paris at all—as it now seems. We must take a few days in London and there are only a few days left.

HAY TO C—— S—— H——.

Botzen, July 17, 1896.

I think I will surprise you with a Botzen postmark. You must be getting rather giddy in following our erratic course.

We stopped at Verona for four or five hours. We found the Hotel de L—— undergoing extensive repairs, which destroyed all likeness to its former self. The handsome parlor we occupied is now the *salle-à-manger* and we had our lunch there. The old *valet de place* is gone, but his place is occupied by another, equally intelligent but smelling of garlic in a style that drove me frantic, particularly as he picked me out for his confidences. They have made many important discoveries since we were there; in tessellated

Roman pavements, fine carved ceilings, etc. We drove to the beautiful old Giusti Garden and saw walking about in the cypress alleys the old Count himself, aged 83, and his wife, about 40. They always pass a part of the summer there.

We are congratulating ourselves on our good luck in weather. It has been very pleasant in Venice for the past few days, while the heat has been terrible in Paris and London. To-day the travelling has been delightful. There have been two or three thunder storms during the day, but they were always at a time when they did not bother us, and they have made a great improvement in the air.

We got away from Verona at 5 o'clock and had a pleasant jaunt through the Tyrol here, where we arrived in time for a late dinner. The scenery was extraordinarily fine. I had never been over this line by day before, and the succession of wild and beautiful landscapes, adorned with ruins and fortresses, was charming. We have the best rooms in the hotel, and a tablet on the wall, in Latin, informs us that in this room the Emperor William I, stayed a day on his return from Italy in 1875. It reminded me of Narbonne.

We take an early start to-morrow and get to Munich to-morrow afternoon. We stay there Sunday and then hie us on to Paris.

HAY TO C—— S—— H——.

München, Sunday, July 19, 1896.

It would be more sensible for me to wait until I accumulate material for a letter. But I like to "speak a word" every time there is a halt of a few minutes, and I shall only be writing a very few days more. In ten days I shall be on the bounding billow, if all goes well.

Our journey from Botzen yesterday was very pleasant. It rained hard two or three times, but that only gave variety to the beautiful scenery of the Tyrolean mountains.

Our courier is a man of grave and saturnine demeanor. He did not approve of our coming this way. He wanted us to go to Vienna and therefore prophesied all manner of disaster. "The town would be so full we could get no rooms,"

for one thing. But here we are at the B—— with a princely suite of rooms on the first floor. We had an excellent dinner last night—rather better on the whole than we get in Paris. We have seen nobody we knew since we left Paris. This seems to me very unusual. A—— explains it by saying that “decent people have stopped travelling.” Certainly there is a great change in the appearance of people you meet in first-class conveyances. Formerly everyone you met in a first-class carriage was a person of some distinction. Now they are not even clean. Where they get their money is a dark mystery.

I am getting so anxious to be home that I have not the patience to write.

HAY TO C—— S—— H——.

Paris, July 20, 1896.

We came into this good city on time this morning after an all-night ride from Munich. We all slept pretty well and had a good appetite for the breakfast which awaited us. L—— came in soon after to call.

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He at once asked us all to dine with him and "his friend, Count P—— E——," at the Eiffel Tower.

The girls referred the matter to me, and I thought it would be a bore for the boys—as it certainly would be for me—and so declined.

I do not see how they are to get through their shopping and packing in time to leave here Wednesday morning. A—— has not arrived and Anna is half distracted with her responsibility. The W—— family have vanished off the face of the earth. No sign of their movements has as yet reached E——, so she calmly infers that she must have missed a letter on our tempestuous travels, and is going with us to England. I have a telegram from B——, saying they will be ready for us on Wednesday, which gives us five days in London—a plenty for all we have to do.

Just think of it! I shall probably only write to you one more letter to go by Saturday's steamer, and you have already stopped writing to me.

A little note came from A—— this morning, dated Saturday, and saying he would be here to-day, but I do not really expect him.

We are all dead tired out, though we are all pretty well. We have travelled too much and too far, but it has been on the whole a delightful journey, and if we can remember one-half we have seen and heard about, it will be a profitable one.

HAY TO C—— S—— H——.

London, July 23, 1896.

We had a pleasant journey from Paris, though there was a strong breeze crossing the Channel and many sounds of woe were audible. H—— was of a tender green, but righted up as soon as she touched the shore. The remains of the very slight street decorations for the Royal Wedding were still up as we drove from the station, and strong-lunged codgers were roaring “attempted assassination at the Ryle wedding. Terrible scenes!” but this morning’s *Times* makes no allusion to it.

I delivered E—— into the arms of her mother and A——, who are at C——’s Hotel just across the street, and feel my responsibility

happily ended. We have the rooms we had two years ago. They have given H—— one of the big parlors with a bed in it, and the rest of the apartment goes to me and the boys.

Mr. A—— came in on us for a farewell dinner Tuesday night. He expects to loaf about Paris for a fortnight and then join the N——s at Hombourg. I am sorry to part with him, but I shall be so occupied these last few days that I shall have no time to be lonesome.

I am glad to see the terrible heat which has so long afflicted London seems to be over for the moment. Yesterday was fine and breezy and this morning is delightful. Last night a blanket was comfortable.

We are all well and I hope I may load my menagerie on the steamer next week in good condition.

To-morrow I write again for the last time.

HAY TO C—— S—— H——.

London, Sunday, July 26, 1896.

We went to Oxford yesterday. The trip was only moderately successful. The weather, which was fine when we started, soured on us, and all the while we were there, there was a series of slight showers up to lunch time. D—— had an engagement in the morning and did not go with us; but he joined us at lunch. The rain settled down into a steady pour in the afternoon, which spoiled the out-door sight-seeing. As soon as we got into our train for London the rain stopped and it was clear and bright till midnight.

This morning we went to church at Westminster Abbey. We were rather late, or rather, the service began very early, 10 o'clock, and it was nearly half past when we got there. The crowd was immense and increased constantly after we arrived. An unbroken stream of Americans kept crowding in till the seats were occupied, and then they packed the aisles. Where they came from I have no idea. No race so restless ever appeared on the face of the earth.

Early this afternoon, the air began to be filled with martial music. It was the great socialist demonstration in Hyde Park which has been in preparation so long. For two hours the clubs, with banners and bands, came marching from Pall Mall up St. James Street turning then into Piccadilly—so that from our balconies we had a good view of them on the wheel—until the rain drove us indoors. I am sorry for the poor fellows who have to pass the day in the drenching wet; but a socialist gets none too much water as a rule. It shows no sign of letting up, as yet.

H—— has been to see C—— C—— and there met, as she said, a noted person. She made us guess who, and we guessed in vain and gave it up. It was J—— H—— H——, the South African, who was sentenced to death for the J—— raid and then pardoned. He has just arrived in England. H—— says C—— danced for joy when she told her how many dudes we had in our party. She has been so long immuned in D—— that she pines for a little flirtation.

I met M—— F—— on the street. He is frantic with delight over the prospect of Free

Silver in America. He thinks B—— will certainly be elected and then nothing can stop silver coinage. He is one of the most exuberant cranks I have ever met. He asked me to dine and lunch every day till Tuesday, and I had to be pretty expert to decline.

HAY TO ADAMS.

London, W., July 26, 1896.

MY DEAR ADAMS:

. . . . I have seen no human being since I arrived here — save your faithful friend and admirer, Mrs. J—— C——. She was as ever sweet and gracious, and made us promise to come to lunch next Tuesday. Yes, I saw L—— last night, who is prowling around to find some pleasant company, and asked me your address. I gave it, but as I spoke, his eye grew glassy and far away, as of one who thinks of aeroplanes, so I think he will not remember it.

One more human being I have seen, if it is proper to call an argento-maniac human. M——

F—— bore down on me in St. James Street, looking very well and prosperous, and grasped me by the hand, and told me to put all my money on B——; that it was a walkover; that betting on B—— was simply picking up money. The cause of his rapture was that he had just read that the Goldbug Democrats were going to nominate another candidate. It is a good working theory, I suppose, that the more candidates a party has, the surer it is to win, but I am too old and feeble to follow the argument.

. . . . All right! I have lived under many sorts of Presidents in my time, and I can even stand a Boy Orator; but unless he can show a left hind foot of a snow rabbit killed in the dark of the moon by a black dog, I am not going to waste my money betting on him.

I do not know why we were so idiotic as to come away from you and *Paris la grande ville*. Here it is as dull as last year's almanac. Even the labor procession, which is passing along Piccadilly this moment with ten thousand banners and ten million blatherskites in line, does not take from Sunday London its curse of dullness. Where Oom Hendrik is not, there is no gayety! Once more, for the *n*th time, let me thank you for

all your goodness and infinite forbearance this summer to me and my caravan. I simply could not have lived through it without you.

HAY TO E. A. ABBEY.

London, July 28, 1896.

MY DEAR ABBEY:

I went to the Academy for a last look to-day, and saw that exquisite drawing of yours: "Lorenzo and Jessica." I rushed to the book to see if it was obtainable. There was no price affixed, and the attendant told me to "communicate with the Hartiss." Is it in your possession, and is it venal? I feel as if I could not be happy without it. I sail in the *T*—— to-morrow, and go for the summer (what is left of it) to Newbury, New Hampshire.

I have been dragged all over Europe by those two restless girls. We call them the Bicyclones. They took us (I mean H—— A—— and me), with the speed of a blizzard, through Touraine and Holland and Northern

Italy, without giving us a chance to take a long breath. We came back by way of Munich, where he saw and admired "Fiammetta" again. We went to the Giusti Garden in Verona in memory of you, and sat under the shade of your cypresses. The old Count walked by us with his young wife, and made a pretty picture. . . .

HAY TO C—— S—— H——.

H. M. S. *T*——, July 31, 1896.

I think I will write a line while the ship is lying quietly at anchor at Queenstown. Everybody has gone ashore. I would rather have liked to go myself, but I should have made the fifth in a jaunting car and spoiled the fun—so I stay.

To finish up the story of our last days in London :

Monday I called at the Embassy. Mr. B—— was away, and R—— R—— asked me if I would like to go to the House of Commons, where he had

an engagement to meet Gen. G——. I accepted with alacrity and went down at once. He got us excellent seats in the front row of the gallery. We heard the questions and answers, and then heard speeches by Labouchere, Curzon, and Harcourt on the Uganda bill, which were extremely interesting. R—— then told me Sir Wm. H—— and B—— both wanted to see us. So we went to H——'s room (he has a room to himself as leader of the Opposition), and saw him and B—— for a few minutes. It turned out that they had nothing to say to G—— (not knowing him), but both were anxious to talk to me about McK—— and V——. I had a talk with B——, and Sir Wm. made an appointment with me at B——'s for the next day. He went at once into the matter. B—— had told him nearly every word I had said and he remembered it all. These English public men have wonderful memories. We had a talk of an hour of great interest and importance. He thinks the V—— matter ought to be settled now. He asked me to say to C—— and C—— what I had said to him. He thought it would do a great deal of good.

We lunched at the C——s, but unfortunately he was engaged at the Colonial Office and did

not lunch at home. But I wrote him a note and so gave him the views which H—— was so anxious he should have, and I sent the same ideas to C——.

Mrs. C—— was very pleasant and we met there another son, very unlike J—— or A——, but bright and agreeable. Then we went to leave a p. p. c. on M—— C——, and to our surprise found her at home and alone, so that we had a very nice visit with her. The baby was out, but she showed us her last photograph, which is very pretty and promised to send us one. Altogether, we liked her rather more than ever and I never saw her looking better. She sent her love to you —so did M—— C——. Then we trotted down to Queen Anne's gate and found Mrs. D—— at home. Nobody there but Lady R——. She also sent messages, but I don't remember anything we learned there. From there we went to B—— C——'s tea—saw nobody we knew except little G——, whom H—— hates to the point of nervous prostration. And I believe that's all.

The McK—— G——s are on board and we asked them to sit at our table. Then, at their suggestion, we asked Mr. D—— and his daughter, the Marchesa de V—— and the Marquis, to

fill up our number. They accepted, but afterwards the Captain asked them to sit with him. This they regarded as a royal command and left us. Then the G——s suggested the E——s of Long Island, who seem to be nice young people—like the G——s, a *voyage de nocces*. The V——s have a baby, five months old, with them.

HAY TO C—— S—— H——.

H. M. S. T——,

Tuesday, Aug. 4, 1896.

I never made a voyage of which there was so little to tell. The weather has been neither good nor bad—but mostly still and muggy, only one day of bright sunshine and dry wind. The people are most worthy and respectable. Several very raffish-looking parties came to the station and excited hopes of something amusing, as they walked up and down the platform. But they all stayed behind and waved handkerchiefs.

You could not expect anything funny from

the E—— G——s, and yet we learn that Mrs. G—— charged her maid to watch A—— to see if she painted her face.

The poor little Marquis V—— has been sick unto misery all the way. The nurse has not suffered enough to damage the baby, and Madame herself has been man of the house. She washes and dresses her husband, persuades him to take a little broth, gets nurse and baby on deck in a sheltered place and then sits down and reads metaphysics and theology. A curious career for E—— D——.

We made a wonderful run one day, 504, and, of course, jumped at the conclusion that we should get in before breakfast—and so get off to N—— the next morning. But it now looks scarcely possible we shall get to our hotel before lunch time, and I am afraid I cannot do all I have to do in one afternoon. But all this will be ancient history before you read it. I will telegraph you to-morrow what we shall do and you will get the despatch before the letter.

HAY TO ADAMS.

H. M. S. *T*—,

Tuesday, Aug. 4, 1896.

DEAR HENRY :

Your letter came up with me at Queenstown and gave me good spirits to venture on the *ingens aequor*. I had need of them, for the voyage has been the dullest conceivable. The days have been grey and muggy, the air clasps you like an affectionate devil-fish. The boat is filled with highly respectable New York Democrats who say they are going to vote for McK—— and then go below and are sick at the thought of it. Poor things! I am sorry for them,—I who would die for McK—— and the Old Flag—why can't they vote for him and like it?

. . . . Once more, let me tell you, young man, now in the morning of your life, there is nothing unimportant. The Convention hath chosen one of the weakest things of earth to confound the mighty.

Talk about B—— A—— or J—— Mc——!

At the Embassy in London there was the same wail of despair. B—— was away, but R—— and W—— and C—— were howling for McK——; at the same time feeling that they were perilling their soul's salvation by it. Mr. B—— has much to answer for, driving so many great and good people into the support of Anti-Christ.

On the other hand, whisper it soft and low, a good many worthy Republicans are scared blue, along of the Baby Orator of the Platte. Even my Sanguine G—— was far from chortling when I saw him in London. I am still cheerful, but even in my dauntless ear there murmurs the fragment of an old Saga which says: "In politics the appeal to the lower motives is generally for the moment successful." What if the Baby Demosthenes should get in with this programme:

Free Silver.

Abolition of Supreme Court.

Abolition of National Banks.

Confiscation of railroads and telegraphs.

Add to this such trifles as making D—— Attorney-General, and you or B—— Secretary of State!

Please buy me a house in Surrey, and a couple of palaces in Venice—name of B—— D—— S——, if you please. It is well to be ready for contingencies.

But shadows avaunt! We are going to elect the Major if it takes a leg,—and then you will all be happy, even the perverse and the froward.

.

My address is Newbury, New Hampshire.

I have been reading Shelley. He seems to have had a certain faculty of writing verse. If it had not been for that, he would have made a good candidate for the Presidency.

HAY TO HENRY WHITE.

New York, August 5, 1896.

MY DEAR WHITE:

It was a mingled pleasure and pain to be welcomed so cordially by you this morning, on entering the harbor. It is too kind of you and Mrs. W—— to have thought of us and planned what would have been so great a pleasure

to us. But we really cannot come and it breaks our hearts. We must go at once to New Hampshire. Considerations too numerous to mention make it imperative. H—— sends her love and her lamentations.

I find the feeling a little nervous, unnecessarily so, I think. I talked with H—— and some of the Executive Committee and while there is nothing like dread of defeat, there is a clear comprehension that this blatant wild ass of the Prairie will get the votes of a good many others of his kind, and that it will require more work than we thought necessary last spring to beat him. But the work will be done and he will drop into congenial oblivion next November.

I had a long and serious talk with Sir William H—— by his own appointment, the day before I left, in which he referred, as you do, to the idea the Government seems to have, of the advisability of delay. I assured him almost in your very words, that it was a great mistake: that McK—— could not yield on such a position taken by C——. He was anxious I should let C—— and C—— know this, which opportunity aiding, I did.

What a wild and giddy race over Europe those girls led A—— and me. Touraine, Holland and Northern Italy as far as Venice, all without giving us dotards time to breathe. I shall have to sit down in the hills for a week or two and consider myself before I know “where I am at.”

Give my affectionate regards to Mrs. W—— and believe me deeply your debtor for all your kindness.

HAY TO ADAMS.

New York, September 8, 1896.

MY DEAR ADAMS :

Your letter was very welcome as showing that you were still alive, and that the pace set by those reckless shrimps had not done you entirely up. As for me I have sunk into innocuous desuetude and shall not trouble myself to come to life till you get home.

I am here for W—— U—— meeting to-morrow. . . . What a dull and serious campaign we are having! The boy-orator makes

only one speech,—but he makes it twice a day. There is no fun in it. He simply reiterates the unquestioned truths that every man who has a clean shirt is a thief and ought to be hanged:—That there is no goodness or wisdom except among the illiterate and criminal classes—That gold is vile:—That silver is lovely and holy—in short, very much such speeches as you would make if you were here. He has succeeded in scaring the gold-bugs out of their five wits;—if he had scared them a little, they would have come down handsome to H——. But he has scared them so blue that they think they had better keep what they have got left in their pockets against the evil day. Your friend G—— F—— W—— weeps in public over the wickedness of the gold-bugs and does not appear to get reconciled to the *coup de pied au derrière* which they are giving him. He is, so far as I know, the only blossom of the Mugwump garden who has gone wrong this year.

I think even you, with all your natural and cultivated hatred of what is good and pure, must see that it is hard lines for the G. O. P. this season.

I thought K—— was in the golden sunset, but on arriving here to-night I found a note from him saying he would hunt me up to-morrow, and that he and your Cuban friend R—— would breakfast with me. If you were only here!

HAY TO ADAMS.

Newbury, N. H., Oct. 4, 1896.

DEARLY BELOVED:

I suppose you got in yesterday, but in this dense solitude one hears and knows nothing. Our trunks cumber the hall and porch. We start for the world and a market to-morrow. Tuesday we expect to be harbored by the H—— House, which stands at the corner of the Fifth Avenue and the T—— Street in the town of New York. We have been for some days a lonely pair of wilderness pelicans. D—— has gone to Yale, where I am sorry to say he was not one of the ingenuous youth who howled B—— B—— into reflection last week. We have come to a nice state of things when every

Republican paper in the country joined with the Democrats and Populists in scolding the only crowd which has greeted your man B—— with anything like an adequate welcome. But there exist only two men in America with any sense, and one of them is old and grows fat.

A—— is once more in her carcel at D—— F——, poor dear, and H—— is visiting in G——. She will join us in New York, and after a few days of milliner and dentist, we go to C—— for a minute, and then to you. Since you say you will wait in W—— till we come, the best thing we can do for our country is to stay away for a while and keep you there. But we can't stay away from you long.

I can't give you any pointers. McK—— is sure of 248 electoral votes, two dozen to spare. But as B—— is sure of 317, nearly a hundred to spare, I cannot advise you how to bet. If I did, you could not bet on McK——, for all the gamblers are on his side and won't bet.

What you say about the Majah is all I could ask, but the way you say it, pains me. Your head is right, as usual; but how about your heart? Is it up to the G—— test? Would you die for the Majah? If you will do that,

and send a certificate, you will be all right. We really cannot admit any less rigorous test. W——, I think, would. I know C—— would, and O——. C—— and T—— have been to C—— to offer their heads to the axe, and their tummies to the harikari knife. He has asked me to come—but I had thought I would not struggle with the millions on his trampled lawn. Still, if you will go with me, and offer to pour out the bluest blood of your veins, I will go.

HAY TO ADAMS.

Cleveland, Oct. 20, 1896.

APPLE OF MINE EYE:

The days succeed and resemble each other considerably. Cleveland has ceased the ennobling pursuit of the dollar (371½ grains fine), and has given itself over to two weeks debauch of politics. No business is done in the mart. We roughen our throats all night shouting for the Majah. The ante-election scare which I have

observed with more or less detachment for twenty years, has set in with unusual vigor. Most of my friends think B—— will be elected and we shall all be hanged to the lampions of Euclid Avenue. I have not yet made up my mind to this. When I do, I shall change my politics and try to placate the mob by saying I am next door neighbor to your brother B——'s brother. I spent yesterday with the Majah. I had been dreading it for a month, thinking it would be like talking in a boiler factory. But he met me at the Station, gave me meat, and calmly leaving his shouting worshippers in the front yard, took me up-stairs and talked for two hours as calmly and serenely as if we were summer boarders in B—— at a loss for means to kill time. I was more struck then ever with his mask. It is a genuine Italian ecclesiastical face of the fifteenth Century. And there are idiots who think M—— H—— will run him.

I leave town to-day to see if there be any ducks in the world. If so, I shall spend a week or two in the marsh, and then hie me to you. You are making the mistake of your life in not reading my speech. There is good stuff in it—to live and to die by. If you read it in a

reverent and prayerful spirit, it might make you a postmaster.

You are not interested in political news. If you were, I would give you a pointer. The Majah has a cinch—and don't you forget it.

HAY TO ADAMS.

Winou's Point Club,
Port Clinton, O., Oct. 24, 1896.

LIGHT OF MINE OPTICS:

I send you by express a duck or two in a basket. If they arrive in good condition, accept them with my love. If otherwise, blame T—— P——, the President of the Express Company, and I fear, no true friend of us McK—— men.

The B—— men still claim they have us where the capillary integument is brief, but H—— gives them the hoarse hoot.

Me too!

I weary of it firm. I would it were over and I were with you.

HAY TO ADAMS.

Cleveland, O., April 3, 1897.

MY DEAR ADAMS:

I came away in a chaos of hurry and broken duties, and all night long the ordinary horrors of the "Sliping" were intensified by the thoughts of what I had not done yesterday. Among other things I remembered that I had not given you back that lecture of C——'s. . . . I crowded into yesterday the work of an honest week, and did everything too badly to think about. But that is to be henceforward my natural gait until such time as I get back to my tranquil cot and my next door neighbor. I have half a mind to hasten the day by giving my candid opinion of Congress at a Lord Mayor's dinner. B——'s vote of censure, of which he is so proud, would be nothing to it.

It looks, on a cursory view, as if I might get away from here Monday; I may still get away from New York for a day in W—— —but I do not really expect to.

I pine for the nauseous isolation of the Atlantic where I can look forward to a few hours with you unvexed by talk of dollars or of office-seekers.

HAY TO HENRY WHITE.

New York, April 6, 1897.

MY DEAR WHITE :

I have nothing of any consequence to communicate, and yet do not want to miss the steamer to-morrow and not let you know we are still alive and getting ready to unload ourselves upon you about the 12th of April. . . .

I see by to-day's papers you have arrived, and have already taken over the Embassy. I see also that Mr. B—— is booked for an ovation on the 7th of May. I do not know quite what that means, or how long he is to be in London before he gets his loving cup. But all this can be left until I see you.

I have already declined four public dinners and speeches. I hope, if you are consulted in regard to any invitations to such functions, that you will, where it is practicable, dissuade our

kind friends from sending such invitations. I do not intend to begin a campaign of speech-making the moment I land, and I should much prefer not to be asked.

I have promised Mr. M—— to say a few words at the unveiling of the bust of Scott in Westminster Abbey in May. Please regard this as confidential until Mr. M—— himself makes it public. A—— B—— is to make the principal address.

HAY TO ADAMS.

New York, April 8, 1897.

GUIDE AND PHILOSOPHER :

I quite agree with you that the A—— in your letter is more classic than the Tully. My *tempora* are more *misera* than I can talk about. If I prated of it, you would come swiftly back with your—*Tu l'as voulu, George Dandin !* and I could only hang my head in shame.

I am heavy of heart about Mrs. C——, though I still hope she will right up, and get well in a hurry as she has so often done before.

B—— P—— is an angel. He is doing all the things I left undone in Washington. I would go all to pieces if it were not that the Lord has given me two or three friends who tolerate me.

I went to the Bowling Green to-day and saw the diagram of our vessel. You and B—— B—— seem well bestowed. We have a little table for eight, and will try to be merry, as a dead rat.

I get no comfort except in refusing invitations to dinner. I am getting to be quite a dab at it.

HAY TO H. CABOT LODGE.

London, May 6, 1897.

MY DEAR LODGE:

. . . . If you had been at Southampton you would not have had the pleasure of seeing Oom Hendrik gloating over my sufferings. He so thoroughly disapproved of the whole proceeding that he fled to the innermost recesses of the ship—some authorities say to the coal bunkers—out of sight and sound of the whole revolving

exchange of compliments. H—— J—— stood by, and heard it all, and then asked, in his mild, philosophical way:—“What impression does it make on your mind to have these insects creeping about and saying things to you?”

I have declined twenty-six invitations to eat dinner and make speeches. I trust my action in this matter meets your approval. . . .

HAY TO ADAMS.

London, May 24, 1897.

MY DEAR ADAMS:

I have just received a letter from Mrs. L—— enclosing this to Mrs. C—— in case she has already heard of P——’s death. As I do not know whether or not this is the case, I send it on to you to be delivered if you think best.

. . . . I wish you were here.

I have this week twice kicked at my orders—a thing beyond reason and utterly unjustifiable. But—I really must not talk about it.

R—— P—— called yesterday. Why did you never tell me he is the living image of Abraham Lincoln?

. . . . F—— will be here Wednesday, with a dozen mortal complications in his sack.

They are sending a Jubilee Commission of four besides me. I have cabled positively declining to act.

I never had no idee. . . .¹

HAY TO ADAMS.

American Embassy,
London, May 28, 1897.

MY OWN AND ONLY OOM:

Write me another letter as soon as may be, for verily life is dull here without you. Though to speak truth yesterday was not so bad a day. R—— C—— came to lunch and upon us at table dropped the Kiplings—their first appearance. Kipling looked a little thin. . . .

¹I never had no idee of taking a dyepomatic position but the President he sent for me, and says he

June 4. I wrote this line in dim days long ago, and the sheet disappeared in the chaos of my desk. You who have sat where I now sit, know something of the chaos of my cares. I go to bed aching with petty anxieties, and I get up unrefreshed to grapple again with futilities too trivial to think about—much less talk.

Yesterday, at Mrs. H——'s tea-table, appeared an old friend, Chang Yen Hoon, accompanied by the inseparable Liang. They were very jolly and friendly; asked after you with great interest; are going to Knole next Tuesday, and wanted me to set a time for "a talk about old times."

The town begins to grow abominable for Jubilee. Six miles of lumber deform the streets. The fellow-being pullules. How well you are out of it!

HAY TO C—— S—— H——.

Waddesdon, June 7, 1897.

We had a hot and stuffy journey down here, made worse by open windows which gave me one of my queer, neuralgic fevers yesterday,

and to my sore discomfiture sent me to bed. I went to church in the morning but had to give up in the afternoon. This morning I am much better—the village doctor lets me get up.

The party consists of Lord and Lady L——, Lady G—— T—— of S——, two T——s, Lord and Lady C—— (who has made me promise to introduce her to you at the A——'s), G—— P—— and Lady H—— V—— who bicycled (that is a badspell but no matter) over from Oxford and arrived too late for dinner, dead-tired and she white as a ghost. Lord W——, Sir A—— W—— (who is delightful), — H—— will remember him in black woolen gloves at the theatre—Lord and Lady D——, Sir E—— H——, Majors W—— and F—— and one or two more whom I have hardly made out yet.

The place is perfectly beautiful—all that good taste, great knowledge and boundless wealth could do in seventeen years of constant labor. He took a bare hill in Buckinghamshire, shaved off the top to make a plateau for his house, and then created around it a regular Paradise of gardens and woods. It is one of the prettiest

French chateaux in existence, filled with the most exquisite pictures and bric-a-brac. Romneys and Joshuas everywhere. A portrait of Lady Hamilton by Romney and another by Reynolds, both of these beautiful, but you can see that Romney was in love with her and Sir Joshua was not.

Baron F—— is an ideal host—the kindest and most considerate possible and everyone is nice and pleasant.

Good-bye. Love to H——, the post is closing.

HAY TO ADAMS.

London, July 7, 1897.

MY DEAR ADAMS:

I wish you were here that I might tell you my troubles and get your sympathy—like a small boy who has bumped his head and wants to tell his mother all about it. But they are too petty and ignoble to write about.

We all stand the racket pretty well. Mrs. H—— and H—— sail for home on the 4th of

August. They hope to be shipmates with B——, the angelical. When you ever come back, I will have a room for you at any time, and perfect liberty of go and come.

The jubilee is gone like a Welsh-rabbit dream. It was an explosion of loyalty that amazed John Bull himself. What a curious thing it is; that there has been no King in England since Elizabeth of special distinction; most of them far worse than mediocre; only the foreigner William III of any merit; and yet the monarchical religion has grown day by day, till the Queen is worshipped as more than mortal, and *The Prince* will be more popular still when he accedes.

I see nobody but everybody, and that is a diet of husks. Do come back and tell me droll tales of the Boulevard. People drop in from Washington and tell me of Lafayette Square until I would weep.

HAY TO LORD SALISBURY.

American Embassy,
London, July 16, 1897.

MY LORD :

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt, by the hands of Colonel the Hon. Sir William Colville of your Lordship's letter of the 14th, transmitting by command of Her Majesty the Queen the Gold Medal which has been struck to Commemorate the 60th Anniversary of Her Majesty's Accession to the Throne.

I beg to express my gratitude to Her Majesty for this gracious gift which I shall always cherish with peculiar gratification, and to Your Lordship for your courtesy in transmitting it, and to remain,

Your Lordship's obedient humble servant.

HAY TO ADAMS.

London, July 25, 1897.

MY DEAR D'ANGOULÊME:

It is no less than a bloomin' shyme that I cannot accept your kind invitation to your royal pleasure-dome. But the flight of my household Goddesses does not free me, as you seem to think, from all obligations, human and divine.

I cannot leave this blessed Isle even at the summons of my betters in the Forest of St. Germain. "Come again next week!" says my Lord of Salisbury, or, by preference, "Wait till I send for thee, when I have a more convenient season."

. . . . I do not know why, in your presence, I naturally run to slanderous gossip, but I suppose one must once in a while abuse one's friends,—and you inspire confidence. And E—— A—— has been to see me, and called me and all my friends idiots and thieves, under the impression that he was making himself especially agreeable.

. . . .

HAY TO ADAMS.

American Embassy,
London, August 12, 1897.

MY DEAR ADAMS :

Why will you make me unhappy by making *miroiter* before me a bliss beyond my grasp? I cannot leave the limits of this blessed kingdom without leave first had and obtained from Oom J——. How long are you to remain where you are? I am not sure that I shall not, one of these long-come-shorts, break away and come anyhow, defying law and McK——. B—— B—— (who passed through here the other day *en route* to him) says he hasn't the most distant idea when you will give up the royal state which surrounds you in St. Germain. Of course if I were you, I would not budge till the coroner called. But it is middering rough on me. I am so lonesome that the Three Tetons are not in it with me. I tried an excellent experience last night. I had nobody to dine with me, and a dinner alone is too gruesome. I was too lazy to go across the street to a club. So I ate no dinner at all—spent the evening reading accumulations

of American newspapers, and then went to sleep and put in ten hours without a groan. Try it, and *tu m'en diras des nouvelles*.

My family arrived in New York at 2 a. m. Wednesday—the breezes were harmless and even favorable.

I passed last Sunday with your friend S——. He has rebuilt his house which was destroyed by fire, and has nearly finished it. It is a magisterial pile in the prettiest park I have ever seen; more deer than we saw on that memorable day on Wolverine Creek.

The town swarms with Senators on their holidays. They are all in a blue funk about the inspector on the New York docks. It was gentle and joyous sport to pass the Tariff Bill, but when it comes to paying duty on their London dittoes it is another story.

As for me, let me see! I spend the coming week in Hampshire and Somersetshire; then I come back here and sign some papers, and then I spread my snow-white wings for the North, which, like me, is cold, and true, and tender. I do not yet know where all I shall go, but I shall touch at T—— and send you news of our old friends.

Give my love to all your house, and Mrs. C——'s house, and believe me, with more zeal than knowledge,

Affectionately yours.

HAY TO ADAMS.

Slains Castle, Aberdeenshire,
September 5, 1897.

MY DEAR ADAMS:

I intended to write you from T——, but the days were so crowded there that I could not bring it about. I found the Laird and her Ladyship much better than I had hoped. He is in fine form, talks, rides and drives precisely as he used to, and makes Second Empire love—which is a very good variety of the article,—to every woman he meets beside the Dee. . . . G—— was there. He damned the atmosphere a good deal but seemed pretty fit. We drove to Balmoral Friday and wrote our names, and then had tea with the Duchess of A—— and her children—very human sort of folks. He has asked me to go to Thornes on the 12th of October, and

threatens to try for you. I wish we might meet somewhere before I get too old to remember who you were.

Do you know this place? A wild, wind-smitten, rocky promontory on the North Sea, just now shrouded in clinging mist and cold as Greenland.

My *tournée* in the Highlands is half over. I go to Fyvie on Tuesday, and then work down to London where I ought to be on the 20th. W—— reports everything as of a dullness. . . .

HAY TO ADAMS.

American Embassy,
London, Sept. 28, 1897.

MY DEAR ADAMS:

The dear S—— R—— came in on me last night with a too hasty fluttering of angelic pinions, and was gone off to happiness and you before I could formulate my delight at seeing him. I had a dinner party—one I have long thought of as a high ideal—composed exclusively of A——es. The ladies, I believe, sail for

home to-morrow. C——, the individual, lingers. He came to early breakfast with me this morning, and for some hours showed me how we were sandbagging the prosperity of the country—so that at present I am very low and remorseful.

My own dear S—— has gone back on me and says he was joking when he agreed to a conference. It seems Our Lady of the Snows has sat on him again.

But when am I to see you? This dwarfs all other questions. M—— G—— writes me you have chucked him over for the 12th. I have accepted and now G—— sends for me for the same day, and I shall lose the chance of making a good f——ite of him. N—— H—— gave me some shadowy hope of your coming to dine with the American Society here on Thanksgiving Day, and making a speech on “G—— C—— and the Cosmos.” And Mrs. C——; shall I see her beautiful face no more forever this side Nirvana?

You would love London, it is so sweetly dull and dead. I think there is nothing in the sound of Bow Bells resembling humanity. O yes! there are W—— M—— and C—— and S——, resting from the slaughter of grouse, and mark-

ing down their pajamas to get them under the \$100 limit. You can go home as a Polynesian prince and pay no duties, or better still, not go home at all, and come here and do my work.

My love to all your summer Academy, and discourse to me sometimes of your doings.

HAY TO HENRY WHITE.

American Embassy,
London, October 2, 1897.

DEAR WHITE:

. . . . W—— is now here and we talked everything over. He is still sanguine. I wish I could have his hopefulness. It will be a great blow to him if they ask for still further delay, but of course he would prefer that to a flat negative. H—— B—— is to be here, I understand, on Tuesday next, and we shall, soon after that, know something definite.

The M——s dined with me last night, and this morning they sail by the *St. Louis*. I went to see them off; the agent told me the

ship was crammed full. M—— feels that he has had a good time and seems to go home happy.

Mrs. M—— tells me Mrs. C—— is very much better; has gained fifteen pounds, and is prettier than ever. “Bourgeois de Paris, gardez vos cœurs!”

Mrs. H—— and the children have left the Fells. They sail for England, bar change of plans, on the 13th.

HAY TO HENRY WHITE.

American Embassy,
London, October 16, 1897.

MY DEAR WHITE:

I see by the *Times* this morning that you and Mrs. W—— have been adorning the dinner-table of H—— M—— at Balmoral. I congratulate the Queen.

Thanks for your letter. I have had a thorough talk with H—— B—— and my impression is that the government will—at the Colonial Coun-

cil to-day—make a complete surrender to the City.

We have got the B—— S—— business disposed of, for the time being. I have been amazed at the solid way in which the Press of England has stood together around Lord S——, and steadily refused to print the truth.

HAY TO ADAMS.

London, October 20, 1897.

TRÈS CHER :

The double benefaction of a letter from you and a family from America lighted upon me to-day. Mrs. H—— and two infants want to go to Paris next week, say Saturday, 30th; do you think you could secure them lodgment in your tavern, the B——? They will not give you much trouble, or, if they do, you can escape them by coming over here and comforting me. If no, I will try something else.

Would I had been with you on the Loire. Instead of that, for my sins, I have been wrest-

ling with E—— and getting a disgust with human nature that will last me long. We have not yet received our answer on silver, but *I know* what it is to contain—some sinuosity of words, but the substance a categorical negative. With that we go back to F—— ; she shrugs her shoulders and backs out. We go home.

HAY TO DR. WALDSTEIN.

Department of State,
Washington, Oct. 21, 1897.

MY DEAR WALDSTEIN :

Last night for the first time since your book (*The Expansion of Western Ideals*) arrived, I found a quiet hour to read it, and I must thank you most sincerely for a great pleasure. It is a charming treatise, handling a grave subject with an elevation and grace of style which makes it as agreeable to read, as it is weighty and important in substance.

What can be the matter with poor dear

S——, who set forth at C—— the other day this preposterous program:—

1. Surrender to Aguinaldo.
2. Make the other tribes surrender to him.
3. Fight any nation he quarrels with.

I think our good friends are wiser when they abuse us for what we do, than when they try to say what ought to be done.

I wish you would lend some of your wisdom to certain of our German friends who seem to think that peace with England means war with Germany.

We are brutally busy now-a-days, and there seems to be no hope of any improvement until next summer.

Yours faithfully.

HAY TO ADAMS.

American Embassy,
London, October 30, 1897.

DEAR ADAMS:

Something ought to be done about this. Are our greatest and best to be treated thus? I don't mind about W—— and me and S——,

but when Josephus Maximus is slated like this, it is time for the thoughtful patriot to enquire "Whither are we drifting?"

And H—— G——! Who would have dreamed that I should live to see the day I would regret his death? Since death is the common lot, why could he not have slowed down his steam so as to last till next Tuesday? But after all, New York will get the government the majority deserve.

. . . . W—— sails this morning with his black eye and his broken heart. I think he takes it too hard. He has put up a good fight and has been beaten by the "strong God, Circumstance."

HAY TO ADAMS.

London, November 19, 1897.

MY BELOVED:

My wife bids me say that she expects you and the Misses H—— to dine with us

on Wednesday next, at 8 o'clock. So don't be making fifty other engagements for that evening.

As for Mrs. C—— and M—— they came to tea to-day, looking very well and handsome. But we heartily disapproved of Mrs. C——'s cough.

I hope you have made up your alleged mind to go to Egypt with us this winter. If so, perhaps you will let me know in advance of your coming—as Cook is worrying me about details.

To-morrow we make a little visit to Cambridge to see the "Wasps" of Aristophanes done by British youth of ingenuous strain. It will be a study in politics which I would fain commend to L—— and H——.

Do not think you have any *libre arbitre* about Egypt. Mrs. H—— says you *must* go. So says H——; and I—well, I have very little. . . .

HAY TO SIR JOHN CLARK.

American Embassy,
London, Nov. 21, 1897.

DEAR SIR JOHN :

Mrs. H—— and I intend to spend our little leave of absence this winter in Egypt. We leave Genoa on the 26th of January and take our boat in Cairo on 1st of February for one month.

Would not you like to go with us? H—— A—— is to be of us, and I hope H—— J—— ; nobody else. We should all be very glad if you will be our guest for this little outing. There will be room on the boat for your valet.

If you feel like saying "Yes," say it at once. If "No" comes first to your mind, think it over for a day or two and give us a chance for a favorable answer.

Yours faithfully.

HAY TO WHITELAW REID.

American Embassy,
London, Dec. 14, 1897.

MY DEAR REID :

We are to cross each other at sea, it appears, and I have been so worried by every wind of destiny since I got your long and delightful letter, that I have not answered it, and now the carriage waits to take me to the train which is to drag me to Liverpool, and I have no time to talk to you.

Please take everything for granted,—the old love, the old confidence, the old trust.

You are going to do a most important piece of work at Paris, and I know it will be well done.

As for me, you can imagine with what solemn and anxious feelings I am starting for home. Never, even in war times, did I feel anything like it. But then I was young and now I am old.

HAY TO ADAMS.

American Embassy,
London, December 27, 1897.

MY ONLIEST ADAMS:

Here is a letter from poor dear old K—— with nothing in it of cheer. What an abject idiot he is not to chuck it all and come over to us, as I am eternally begging him. Send it me back when you write.

And write quick! For I want to know all about what you are up to; also I want to know what kind of fizz you are drinking now, as I must give my order to Cook. The rest of us don't care, so it will simplify matters if you will say what champagne I shall lay in. Now don't be a dodo and say you don't care. It will take less time to say what.

We shall all be in Paris the night of January 18. We are engaged to dine with P—— the 19th, but you must save the 20th to dine with us and talk it over. We think now of skipping for Genoa on Friday, the 21st. This will give us Sunday and Monday for La

Superba, and we sail Tuesday the 25th. Of course if you could come to us here before that, we would be very happy. But we shall be out of town for the first week in January.

Most of my chores are over here. I have harvested a fine crop of Apples of Sodom, but as I look back on my failures I cannot see how anyone—if he were Hercules and Mercury rolled into one—could have pulled off a success.

HAY TO NICOLAY.

5 Carlton House Terrace,
London, Dec. 27, 1897.

DEAR NICOLAY :

I was at Cambridge the other day and there met Lord Acton, a professor of history and usually called the most learned man in England. He is engaged in editing a great composite historical work, and he asked me who would be the best man to write the volume embracing our civil war period. I told him if he could get you, that you would do it better

than anybody. He asked if you would be likely to write from a partisan standpoint. I told him you were a Republican, as I was, but that you could be trusted absolutely with facts.

He said he thought of writing to you and requested me to say a good word for him. I do not know what he will say about times and terms, but if those suit, I should think you might manage to do it. I believe he wants about 100,000 words—something less than one of our volumes. You would take most of it out of our book—but as anybody else would do the same, that need not be an objection.

(By the way, I would like to say in public some time that Morse, in his "Lincoln," reminded me of a burglar, leaving a house with his bag full of plate and stopping to scribble something insulting on the front door, or, you can say it if you like.)

We are rubbing along through an English winter, sneezing and coughing some, but hoping to live till we take a little leave and hie us to the Mediterranean shores. We find living here about what we expected; lots of interesting people and some bores. It is awfully expensive, but it won't last long. I have broken all

records in the speech business, having declined fifty invitations to speak since I arrived. And still they come. It is all B——'s fault:—

Das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei gethan.

My family join in wishing you and H——
a Happy Year.

J. H.

HAY TO GILDER.

5 Carlton House Terrace,
London, Jan. 10, 1898.

MY DEAR GILDER:

You do not want me "at home" in both your books? I remember L—— *doing* me in Washington. It was the greatest effort of his life, and the poor fellow died soon after. I am sure you do not want me vivisected so soon again.

You are right about that Scott speech; it was full as a goat, of errors. The C—— report of the Omar tirade was very nearly correct. If ever I hold forth again I will try to send you something at least as good as what I say. I never can answer for absolute identity.

You never saw a people so willing and eager to be bored as these blessed J—— B——s. If I were of the Neronic type that takes delight in human anguish, I could make a speech every night the year round. But I refrain—being merciful, and lazy.

HAY TO ADAMS.

London, Jan. 10, 1898.

. . . . The days are dull and dark in London now. I am glad of it. I like to have something to look forward to, and for the first time in years I find myself anticipating something. A few days of hot, clear sunshine, the despised everyday blessing of America, is a pleasant prospect.

We expect to arrive at the Hotel B—— Tuesday night, the 18th. We are to dine with P—— on Wednesday, the 19th, and leave for Genoa Friday night, the 21st, *sauf votre approbation*.

HAY TO HENRY WHITE.

Paris, January 21, 1898.

MY DEAR WHITE :

I have your note of yesterday. I do not think there is any valid objection to either style of card you mention. It is merely a matter of taste ; adopt the one that suits your ear. What I object to is *United States* used as an adjective. And when used as a noun it should always be the full title :—*United States of America*. When your own name appears on the card, it might be as well to follow the custom of other countries and say :—H. A. Ch. d’Aff. of the United States of America. It is long, as you say, but it is a big country.

I send a few little things to you, to which you can give proper attention.

We dined last night with the B—— A——s ; a very pretty little dinner ; only ourselves, in a quaint little maisonnette in the Latin quarter. We then went to the Porte St. Martin, and saw Cyrano de Bergerac, a most tremendous *tour de*

force of Coquelin, who keeps the stage almost continuously for four hours.

We start this evening for Genoa, where our address until Tuesday morning will be: Hotel I——. Tuesday, the 25th, we sail for Cairo.

HAY TO HENRY WHITE.

Cairo, Feb. 2, 1898.

MY DEAR WHITE:

We met with so many delays at Genoa, Naples, and Port Said, and finally Ismailia, at which last delightful resort we passed nearly a day, that we arrived here about midnight on the 31st of January. We have therefore been in a great hurry and scramble to get away, as our boat is eating its head off on the river bank. We will try to see a little of Cairo when we return.

Dr. A—— is in this hotel. You may mention to C—— in confidence, not to be divulged to anyone but the 70,000,000 of his readers, that I spent most of yesterday in an earnest con-

ference with him on the state of the universe. He goes up the river to-morrow in the *T*— with forty-one others. *V*— has just returned in her. He chartered her for the Nile; a roomy party; only himself and wife, *F*— and *A*— *T*—. *V*— looks improved, but is still very shaky.

We are off this afternoon at four, doing the Pyramids this morning. We stop for the night at Memphis.

We have had thus far a most enchanting journey. It has been slow, but exquisitely fine weather; there was not a pitch or roll during the whole week we were on board the vessel, and though we have met no one till we got here, we have got on very well amongst ourselves. *A*— is, of course, delightful, and we have not mentioned *D*— since the one day in Paris.

HAY TO ADAMS.

Athens (Greece),

March 11, 1898.

MY DEAR ADAMS :

There's no luck about the house when the guidman's awa. We have had nothing but tribulation since you left us. On the Russian ship from Cairo to Piraeus there was no meat but veal. On board, both infants and the maid were taken down with violent colds and were taken on shore more dead than alive. Driving to Athens, one of our horses fell stone dead at the city gate, and E—— and I made our entry into the city of Pericles towing our own impedimenta. Since arriving here the weather has been atrocious and the hills about the town from Hymettus to Megara are covered with snow. The children are a little better, and we start for Patras in an hour or so.

The King, who probably heard I had been travelling with you, sent for me the day after we got here, and we had a long pow-wow. He is a pleasant person to talk to, good-looking and unpretending. He spoke very freely of his

passive target practice the other day, and of lots of other things. He does not think the candidacy of his son for the Governorship of Crete at all ended.

E—— has lost heart to the Crown Princess whom he met in the street promenading her dog.

R—— is bored into extinction. He is looking forward with rapture to your coming next month. He seemed even glad to see us. He wants you to go with him to C——, S——, and the rest of his circuit, and I should think it would be a most amusing trip for you.

This is a good town for bric-a-brac. I, being a man of more sense than money, have not indulged—but I see ruin in store for you unless you curb your covetous spirit. The finances of the people whom foreigners meet seem very solid. The prices are according to their 50% paper, and payment is strictly demanded in gold. So that my hotel bill and everything I have bought costs considerably more than Paris rates. This shows a certain lucidity of mind in the Greek. They propose that the European concert shall help pay the expenses of their war.

Everybody sends love to you. We cannot tell how much you added to our pleasure in this journey and how dismally we miss you. It would have been a dull business without you and with you it has been a delight while it lasted, and something to be remembered with gratitude as long as I live.

HAY TO HENRY WHITE.

Venice, March 15, 1898.

MY DEAR WHITE:

We arrived here early this morning. I received and read with the greatest interest your two letters. I feel a certain remorse at having been idling on the Nile while you were so full of anxieties and cares. But you have borne up under it splendidly and covered yourself with glory, and so there is nothing to regret on public grounds.

We leave here Thursday night and hurry through to Paris, where we shall arrive, I fancy, Saturday. E—— and I will come over on Monday.

I have been so long out of touch with the world that there are great arrears of news to make up. I got a sight of a few Italian papers at Trieste, and a *T*—— of the 12th, and the scraps of news I found in them were enough to upset very considerably my peace of mind. I can only look forward to London and the fuller information I shall get there. McK—— has had a terrible stress and responsibility in this end of his first year. I think he has borne it with great wisdom and energy, and I hope he may come safely through.

HAY TO ADAMS.

London, March 29, 1898.

MY DEAR ADAMS:

I received your touching Odyssey from Beyruth and—how can I help saying it?—you lost your luck when you left your friends and lovers. Now I see but one thing left for you to do. B—— A—— writes me—in reply to a letter I wrote him telling him where you were—

which R—— P—— he told me B—— did not know—which was true at the time, but B—— has later advices—how am I ever to get out of these parentheses?—B—— he says he is coming over to C—— Street on the 4th to sail for home on the 11th.

Mrs. C—— she says she is sailing to-morrow on the *St. P——* to arrive here on Wednesday, the 6th of April.

Why B—— is sailing, or why Mrs. C——, I know no more than G—— C——, who, it seems, daily during the question hour, knows Nothing. But I infer B—— is going home to conquer Spain, and Mrs. C—— is coming here to reconquer England.

All this is *aliunde*. The essential thing is that I see no place for you to go but here. It will break R——'s heart if you do not go with him to C——, but I think we need you more than he does. But there! I don't want to be a pig. Come here after R——'s life is saved.

Sir J—— C—— is to be a few days with me this week. He is in good form.

My family come here next Tuesday.

You read newspapers I presume. There is not a word of truth in them. I know no more than they, but I don't lie about it.

HAY TO H. CABOT LODGE.

American Embassy,
London, April 5, 1898.

DEAR LODGE:

If you think I am rushing in where I am not welcome, you can rap my knuckles and I will bear it meekly—but I will have had my say.

I do not know whether you especially value the friendship and sympathy of this country. I think it important and desirable in the present state of things,—as it is the only European country whose sympathies are not openly against us. We will not waste time in discussing whether the origin of this feeling is wholly selfish or not. Its existence is beyond question. I find it wherever I go—not only in the Press, but in private conversation. For the first time in my life I find the “drawing room” sentiment altogether with

us. If we wanted it,—which, of course, we do not, we could have the practical assistance of the British Navy,—on the *do ut des* principle, naturally.

I think, in the near future, this sentiment, even if it amounts to nothing more, is valuable to us. You may think it is none of my “Lula business,” but I think the Senate Committee’s allusion to England in the H—— (report) was not of sufficient use at home to compensate for the jar it gave over here.

And there is that unfortunate P—— award! I suppose you all think,—as I do,—that it is absurdly exorbitant,—that P—— gave us away, . . . which is all true. I have no doubt. But, after all, he was our representative, and we are included by his act. We have nothing to do but pay and look pleasant, or else say we won’t, which is of course open for any nation to do,—with the natural result. Is there no way of hurrying the matter through? I am sure it will be worth the sacrifice.

You have had an anxious and exciting week. You may imagine what it is to me, absolutely without light or instruction, compelled to act from day to day on my own judgment, and at no

moment sure of the wishes of the Department. What I should have done, if the feeling here had been unfriendly instead of cordially sympathetic, it is hard to say. The commonest phrase is here:—"I wish you would take Cuba at once. We wouldn't have stood it this long."

And of course no power on earth would have shown such patience, and such scrupulous regard for law.

HAY TO THEODORE STANTON.

London, May 8, 1898.

MY DEAR STANTON :

I have received your letter about J—— B—— and have written him to-day to *appuyer* your request. I think it an excellent idea to get him to come over if his engagements will permit.

We are all very happy over D——'s splendid Sunday's work at Manila, and anxiously waiting news from S—— and S——. If we can carry off one more serious sea-fight, I hope we can

then see day-light. I detest war, and had hoped I might never see another, but this was as necessary as it was righteous. I have not for two years seen any other issue.

HAY TO ADAMS.

London, May 9, 1898.

. . . . How D—— did wallop them! His luck was so monstrous that it really detracts from his glory.

And don't you go to making mistakes about McK——! He is no tenderfoot—he has a habit of getting there. Many among the noble and the pure have had occasion to change their minds about him. My friend S—— changes his weekly. Sometimes he admires him more than I do, and sometimes less. I think he is wrong both times. I don't pretend to know the Major very well, but the C—— Club and G—— know him still less.

. . . . I have had a little visit from T——. He is in very good form—a little more silent than of yore, but cheery still, and very good company. S—— R—— was here for a day. . . . The war is playing its usual havoc at home. B—— L—— is going in some capacity on the the steamer “Dixie.” Two nephews of mine have enlisted. T—— R——, that *wilder verwegener*, has left his Navy Department where he had the chance of his life, and joined a cowboy regiment. J—— A——, W—— C——, and lots of others have offered themselves up on the altar of dengue and Yellow Jack, and there is life in the old land yet.

The best news is that you are on your way here.

HAY TO H. CABOT LODGE.

American Embassy,
London, May 25, 1898.

MY DEAR LODGE:

I am ashamed to see how many days have gone by since I received your long and most interesting letter. I have read it often, and sat down

to answer it, but the interruptions are so constant that I can hardly ever get a quiet minute to myself. Your letter gave me the most gratifying and the most authentic account of the feeling among the leading men of America that I have got from any source. It is a moment of immense importance, not only for the present but for all the future. It is hardly too much to say the interests of civilization are bound up in the direction the relations of England and America are to take in the next few months.

The state of feeling here is the best I have ever known. From every quarter, the evidences of it come to me. The royal family, by habit and tradition, are most careful not to break the rules of strict neutrality, but even among them I find nothing but hearty kindness, and, so far as is consistent with propriety,—sympathy. Among the political leaders on both sides, I find not only sympathy but a somewhat eager desire that “the other fellows” shall not seem the more friendly. C——’s startling speech was partly due to a conversation I had with him, in which I hoped he would not let the opposition have a monopoly of expressions of good-will to America. He is greatly pleased with the reception his speech

met with on our side, and says "he don't care a hang what they say about it on the Continent."

I spend the great part of my time declining invitations to dine and speak. But on the rare occasions when I do go to big public dinners, the warmth of the welcome leaves nothing to be desired. But the overwhelming weight of opinion is on our side. A smashing blow in the Carribbean would help wonderfully. But an enemy determined not to fight can elude a battle a long time. And our hair is growing gray while we wait and read the fool-despatches.

I am expecting A—— here before long. He has been ranging the Balkans with R——, and heaping up Cassandra-like prophecies of woe to the world because of offences. He is now in Paris shouting *vive Esterhazy* and *à bas Zola* with the energy of a Torquemada. D—— C—— came in yesterday looking rather peaked as the result of an influenza. Mrs. C—— lingers in France nursing Mrs. H—— through a fever, but will be here in a week or two, when they are to take a place in the country for the summer.

I wish we could all be chloroformed for a few

months, and begin life again in October. I do not so much mind my friends going into battle, but the fever is a grizzly thing to encounter.

HAY TO ADAMS.

London, May 27, 1898.

MY DEAR LABORANTE :

I have your yesterday's letter, and it was a great balm to my self-conceit to know that I held the same views you express as to terms of peace. I had drawn up a little project which was yours almost verbatim.

The weak point in both of our schemes is the Senate. I have told you many times that I did not believe another important treaty would ever pass the Senate. What is to be thought of a body which will not take Hawaii as a gift, and is clamoring to hold the Philippines? Yet that is the news we have to-day.

The man who makes the Treaty of Peace with Spain will be lucky if he escapes lynching. But

I am old, with few days and fewer pleasures left, and I don't mind.

I think, however, Paris will be the likelier place, and I don't hanker after the job. . . .

HAY TO HERBERT GLADSTONE.

American Embassy,
London, June 7th, 1898.

DEAR MR. GLADSTONE :

I have transmitted your letter of the 5th to the President who, I know, will greatly appreciate it.

Let me once more in repeating my expressions of sympathy, refer to the extraordinary tribute of all nations and not least of my own, to the beloved and revered memory of your father. History records nothing like it; no imagination would have formed any image of it. It is the greatest triumph of character the world has ever seen.

Yours faithfully.

HAY TO H. CABOT LODGE.

American Embassy,
London, July 27, 1898.

DEAR LODGE :

I am most grateful to you for your letters. I appreciate the sacrifice so busy a man makes in writing; and coming, as they do, from the very center of news, they are most interesting and valuable.

I can send you little that is interesting in return. The daily telegrams in the papers make everything stale a few hours after it happens. There are a few things, it is true, under the surface, but the people you know tell you everything. I have been under great obligations the last few months to S—— R——, who knows Germany as few men do and has kept me wonderfully *au courant* of facts and opinions there.

I see nothing of A——. He and D—— C—— are living the ideal life of the old Tory squire in S—— Manor. They never come to town, and I am too busy to visit them. But now, with peace

in sight, I may have a little leisure, and we shall move down on them soon.

How splendidly things have moved our way. I do not see a ghost of a chance for B—— in the next few years.

HAY TO ANDREW CARNEGIE.

American Embassy,
London, Aug. 22, 1898.

MY DEAR CARNEGIE:

I thank you for the Skibo grouse and also for your kind letter. It is a solemn and a sobering thing to hear so many kind and unmerited words as I have heard and read this last week. It seems to me another man they are talking about, while I am expected to do his work. I wish a little of the kindness could be saved till I leave office finally.

I have read with the keenest interest your article in the *North American*. I am not allowed to say in my present fix, how much I agree with you. The only question in my mind is

how far it is now *possible* for us to withdraw from the Philippines. I am rather thankful it is not given to me to solve that momentous question.

HAY TO SIR JOHN CLARK.

Osborne, Aug. 30, 1898.

DEAR SIR JOHN:

I have a few minutes left before my boat starts for Portsmouth and I improve them to send you a word from the house of your august and venerable friend and sovereign. The Queen spoke of you last night with great kindness, and made me unhappy in the thought that I could not go as I had intended to T——. But since I have said good-bye to her here, it would hardly answer to go so near B——, even if I could. It does not seem possible that I am buried down with trivial affairs which will take all my time till the day I sail.

I wish I might have a day or two to talk with you. The peripetous which have led up to this most unwelcome change are too complicated to

write about. When the time came, all too soon, that the President sent for me, there was no possibility of refusing to answer his summons. There could have been no adequate explanation of my *nolo episcopari*.

I grieve to go away from England. In a year or two, I think I should have been ready, but the charms of this blessed island are inexhaustible, and perhaps I should never have had enough of them.

I have received much kindness here from all sorts and conditions of men. Dearest and most enduring of all my recollections are those happy hours spent at T—— with the earliest and best of our English friends. The chains of office will not fetter me forever, I hope, and the first use I shall make of my liberty will be to cross the great water and to renew an acquaintance which will be precious to me as long as I live.

Yours affectionately.

HAY TO C. F. THWING.

American Embassy,
London, August 31, 1898.

DEAR DR. THWING :

I thank you most sincerely for your kind letter of the 20th. I need all the help of that sort I can get. I am not what you think me. I can only hope and pray I may not be found out.

Yours faithfully.

HAY TO H. CABOT LODGE.

American Embassy,
London, August 31, 1898.

MY DEAR LODGE :

Just a word in advance of my home-coming to thank you for your kind letter.

I hope, after I am installed in Mr. M——'s masterpiece, I may count on the same kindness and indulgence for all my shortcomings that you have hitherto shown.

I am going down to-night to say farewell to our little Washington colony at Pluckley. I am sorry you have never been able to look upon that idyllic scene. D—— is the finest type of old Tory Baronet you ever saw. His wife makes a lovely chatelaine, and Oom Hendrik has assumed the congenial functions of Cellarer and Chaplain. Mr. and Mrs. B—— A—— are there also, and shed sweetness and light over the landscape. M—— F—— has been there, darkening council with many cheery words. It was delightful to see him, one evening after dinner, lauding Col. B—— as the greatest and most beneficent personality in American life since Abraham Lincoln.

You will understand I have no time to write a letter. I am looking forward to many a long talk with you in the future, with Hay unto Lodge uttering speech, and Lodge unto Hay showing knowledge.

HAY TO JOHN BIGELOW.

5 Carlton House Terrace,
September 5, 1898.

MY DEAR MR. BIGELOW :

I thank you sincerely for your kind letter, which I have neither leisure nor wit to answer adequately. I am so tossed about and worried by these unexpected changes in my fortunes that I need a Mr. Speaker to tell me where I am at.

I fear you are right about the Philippines, and I hope the Lord will be good to us poor devils who have to take care of them. I marvel at your suggesting that we pay for them. I should have expected no less of your probity ; but how many except those educated by you in the school of morals and diplomacy would agree with you ?

Where did I pass you on the road of life ? You used to be a little my senior ; now you are ages younger and stronger than I am.

And yet I am going to be Secretary of State for a little while !

Priez pour lui !

HAY TO H. CABOT LODGE.

Department of State,
Washington, Oct. 24, 1898.

. . . . Your story of the outlook saddens me. The only comfort I can get is in saying, like the rural priest when his congregation was weeping over the story of the Crucifixion: "Perhaps it is not true." B——, whom I saw this morning, seems in very high feather. He has figured out a comfortable working majority in the next House. As to New York, the State is hopeless, whatever may be the results of this year. It should be given over to Satan to be buffeted for a thousand years. When you consider that the reform element had a clean majority last year of 35,000, and yet elected V—— W——, language fails to do justice to the subject.

As to what you say about the foreign service, I have no reply to make. One of my dolorous duties is to listen to such remarks without answering them. I have made them myself in times past, and now my punishment is to listen to them as Secretary of State, having no power to amend things. The only retort courteous in

which I will indulge to-day is, that it will be no better when you are President. The nature of things is the most tyrannical of bosses and will have its way. . . .

HAY TO HENRY WHITE.

Department of State,
Washington, Jan. 3, 1899.

MY DEAR WHITE:

I do not know what precise state the negotiations between our Canadian friends and ourselves will be in when this reaches you, but, in view of your conversation with Mr. C——, and my former letter to you, I have thought best to send you a copy of letters recently exchanged between Lord H—— and Mr. F——.

Lord H——, with great dexterity and ability, represents his own side as granting everything and getting nothing; and yet I think the letter of F—— shows with perfect clearness and candor that we are making great concessions and getting no credit for them. They are to come together

again in a day or two, and I should hope that they might be able to come to some conclusion with reasonable promptness, and, as I have said before, even before this reaches you, the controversy may have become obsolete; but I am sure you will be interested in any event, in reading these two letters. I am not sure the way they will strike the Colonial Secretary. It is entirely possible he may agree with H—— in thinking the British Commissioners hardly treated, and yet I cannot help hoping that so clear-minded a man as Mr. C—— would see that we are doing all we can to effect a reasonable adjustment.

In the case of Alaska it is hard to treat with patience the claim set up by Lord H—— that virtually the whole coast belongs to England, leaving us only a few jutting promontories without communication with each other. Without going into the historical or legal argument, as a mere matter of common sense it is impossible that any nation should ever have conceded, or any other nation have accepted the cession of such a ridiculous and preposterous boundary line. We are absolutely driven to the conclusion that Lord H—— put forward a claim that he had no belief or confidence in,

for the mere purpose of trading it off for something substantial. And yet the slightest suggestion that his claim is unfounded throws him into a fury.

I do not ask you to show these papers to Mr. C——, but to read them carefully for your own information and such use as you may think proper in conversation with prominent people who may mention the subject to you. If hereafter it shall seem advisable to show the papers, in confidence, to anyone, I can wire you to do so, but they are in no case to be communicated officially to anyone.

Washington is a very gloomy town at present, a very large section of the entire population being prostrated with the grip. Many of our most prominent public men are lying between life and death. We suffered a great loss the other day in the death of poor R——; several members of the diplomatic body are confined with colds contracted at his funeral.

On the other hand, we are greatly pleased to learn that Sir J—— P—— is to be with us for another year. I wish you would take an early opportunity to express to Lord Salisbury the pleasure which we all feel at hearing of the

prolongation of Sir J——'s term of service. While always stoutly defending British interests, and working with great energy for his own country, he has been so reasonable, courteous and conciliatory that it has been a great pleasure to the Department to do business with him, and he and his family have made themselves greatly liked and esteemed in society. . . .

HAY TO E. A. ABBEY.

Department of State,
Washington, Feb. 1, 1899.

MY DEAR ABBEY:

I have your long and interesting letter of the 1st of January.

You are one of the hard-working men who still find leisure to write letters. I am almost ready to say you are the only one who writes to me. H—— A—— still keeps up the good old tradition when he is away, but at present he is soothing my loneliness here. I get out of the Department an hour or so before dinner-

time, and we then walk through a triangle of back streets discoursing of the finances of the world, and the insolent prosperity of the United States.

Certainly we ought to be big enough and rich enough to stop plundering our artists who do us more honor abroad than all our statesmen ever did or ever can, and this pitiful picking of your pockets when you send a picture home is enough to make the whole country blush, big as it is. I cannot understand the secrets of the gray matter of a Congressman who would put that word "temporarily" into such a bill; but this fight has been going on for many years. It is the everlasting fight of darkness against light; of ignorance against education; of the Philistines against art. The Congressman of a certain type naturally says:—"If Mr. S—— don't want to pay duty on his pictures, he can come home and paint in O——," and that seems to a certain class of minds an unanswerable argument. Unfortunately, I have nothing to say in the matter, and, if I had, I should, so far, not have had time to say it. From morn to dewy eve I am busy in this Department. All the Dips in creation worry

me in turn and I have my own troubles with Congress besides. I have been spending a great part of my time this session trying to get up an appropriation for some clerks to make an index of the papers in the Department, which are in great confusion. I do not know even yet whether I shall succeed. If I ever get a chance I will try to reason with some of these Philistines about this duty on the works of American artists, but I am not vain of my own powers of persuasion, while I have a very distinct and definite idea of their pig-headed obstinacy.

HAY TO HENRY WHITE.

Department of State,
Washington, Feb. 14, 1899.

MY DEAR WHITE:

I do not like this mail to close without saying a word to you, and yet it is almost impossible to say anything definite.

The Canadian Commission have arrived at a critical period in their negotiations, and I am

sorry to say I am not hopeful of the result. It is useless for me to say much upon this point, however, as you will probably be informed by telegraph of the close of the negotiations before this reaches you. I do not wish to say anything injurious to Lord H——, but I cannot but think that if a less able lawyer had been sent, a man of diplomatic habit of mind, he might have been able to come to an arrangement. The attitude of Lord H—— in regard to the Alaska Boundary has been throughout that of the keen lawyer intent on making a case against an adversary, instead of that of a man of affairs seeking to find a transaction which would be advantageous to both parties. The Alaska question seems the only critical one. On eleven other points there seems no insuperable obstacle in sight, but Lord H—— insists on making his point on the Alaska boundary even at the risk of all the rest.

I think it deplorable that the British Government insists on making the arrangement in the Clayton-Bulwer matter depend on the successful issue of the Canadian negotiations. The two questions have nothing to do with each other. Every intelligent Englishman is ready to admit that the Canal ought to be built, that the United

States alone will built it, that it cannot be built except as a government enterprise, that nobody else wants to build it, that when built it will be to the advantage of the entire civilized world, and this being the case, it is hard to see why the settlement of the matter ought to depend on the lumber duty or the Alaska boundary. It looks as if the matter will fail in this Congress. The maritime concession will lapse in October, and we shall be confronted with new difficulties in our relations with C—— R—— and N——.

Sir J——'s conduct in the matter has been everything that we could desire. While, of course, always mindful of the interests of his country, he has shown a breadth of view and a spirit of conciliation which would have made the negotiations very easy and very agreeable if his opinions had been shared by the home government. I only wish he had been at the head of the Canadian Commission.

Mr. C—— is undergoing his final ordeal of dinner-parties and receptions in New York, and will start in a week or so with as eager anticipations of the pleasure that awaits him in England as his sorely-taxed digestion will allow.

We can never boast of our Washington weather again. It has been the most infernal winter that I have ever seen; I mean infernal in the Dantesque rather than in the Miltonic sense, as we have been shrouded in snow and ice with a zero temperature throughout the whole season. The climax reached us yesterday in the most fearful blizzard I have ever seen. Our great ball of the season, the Assembly, was fixed for last night at the A——. The street in front of my house was barricaded by eight feet of snow. Carriages could not be got out, and a diligent working of the telephone for an hour revealed the preposterous fact that not a carriage was to be had in Washington. And so, in sight and hearing of the ball at which Mrs. H—— was to receive, we were kept close prisoners in our own house by the storm. The street cars have stopped running for the last forty-eight hours; the President's reception for to-night is given up indefinitely; and, take it altogether, it resembles Klondike more than Washington.

HAY TO HENRY WHITE.

Department of State,
Washington, Feb. 21, 1899.

MY DEAR WHITE :

I am writing in great haste to enclose a copy of the final protocol of the Commissioners, who, as you long since have known by cable, adjourned to meet next August.

I am sure you will see, on diligent reading of the last few pages, that our Commissioners went to the very verge of concessions to induce the Canadians to make a Treaty. They refused to consider any form of arbitration except that which they themselves proposed. Even the scheme that Lord Salisbury and Sir Julian thought so well of,—that is, three arbitrators on a side,—they entirely refused to consider, and finally they refused to consider the proposition to isolate the Alaska question and to agree upon all the rest, leaving that open for future negotiation, although such progress had been made in the discussion of the other matters that an agreement was, in almost every one of them, clearly in sight.

I deeply regret the failure of the negotiations, yet I cannot but think that our Commissioners did all that could be done. F—— and K——, who had charge of the negotiations in their later stages, are men of extreme moderation and calmness of judgment, and of the most conciliatory manners. The objection which one of the Commissioners made to Mr. F—— passed out of sight on account of the severe illness from which he has been suffering for six weeks and which has finally caused him to leave Washington. My own explanation of their obstinate refusal to agree to close up matters is that they preferred to stand before the Canadian Parliament in the attitude of stout defenders of Canadian rights and interests, rather than as signers of a Treaty which would not meet the views of their advanced supporters.

I write in great haste to catch the mail.

HAY TO HENRY WHITE.

Department of State,
Washington, March 22, 1899.

MY DEAR WHITE:

I must take a minute from a busy day to thank you for your very interesting letters of the last month. I am horribly rushed, and not very well. By the time you get this, I shall have been in this place of punishment for six months—the limit you and I set last August to my probable endurance. I may have deteriorated somewhat, as C—— said, but not fatally, and if I could get rid of a beastly cold which makes my life miserable, I should be pretty fit.

. . . . Mr. C——'s first speech in London seems to have established him firmly in the affections of England.

Sir J—— will be with you in a few weeks *en route* to the Hague. I am glad he is to stay here for another year, and hope we may settle two or three things which have been troubling us too long. I hope to send Mr. C—— before long a statement of the case

before the Canadian Commission. . . . F—— and K—— are so crowded with other matters that they have not as yet been able to draw up their report.

HAY TO DR. W. STURGIS BIGELOW.

Department of State,
Washington, April 20, 1899.

ANGELICAL DOCTOR :

We sent you the cold and clammy official communication yesterday, which you dreaded, for no man may escape his fate.

I congratulate you on the journey before you, since you will avoid the continent in which I happened to be for the time being, and hope you will have a better time than you deserve. You ought to spend the interval between this and your sailing day in Washington. It is in its loveliest moment of all the year; the magnolias are blooming, the Congressmen are gone—most of them—and Massachusetts Avenue and Lafayette Square are empty without you.

I got this morning a letter from Oom Hendrick, who is more than usually delightful and pessimistic. He seems to be hustling for a front seat on the verge of the abyss into which all Governments are about to plunge, so that he may have nothing to obstruct his vision in the final cataclysm.

Faithfully yours.

HAY TO SIR JOHN CLARK.

Department of State,
Washington, April 30, 1899.

MY DEAR SIR J—— :

We have had a hideous winter, unexampled in weather, as well as in work and worry. I am not dead yet, which is better than many of my friends expected. The Vice-President is very ill—worse than the public knows anything about; and the President, while a man of wonderful strength and endurance, shows signs of wear and tear that makes us all very anxious. I have been here some seven months and there has hardly been a day in which some important and vexa-

tious question has not come before me for decision. Few people in America and I imagine none in Europe have yet begun to appreciate what an immense shop it is we have been put in charge of.

We all keep pretty well. My oldest boy lands in San Francisco to-day, having circumnavigated the world in an army transport and seen some curious and interesting sights, among them a battle at Manila. H—— A—— is in Europe with the C—— L——s. He is now, I think, in Sicily, with views upon Russia, China, and India, where he is going on the invitation of the C——s. I got a letter from him the other day, full of glee at the impending destruction of every country in Europe. He will hustle for a front seat at the verge of the abyss, when the final cataclysm begins.

How glad I would jump at the chance of a day or two's talk with you at T—— *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. I cannot write—this is the first letter I have written for a long time—and I cannot dictate my intimate fancies. It is an interesting moment in the world's history, and I wish there were a better man in charge

of things in my bailiwick. But Sursum Corda! Perhaps I may have better luck than I deserve.

Yours always affectionately.

HAY TO ADAMS.

Department of State,
Washington, May 18, 1899.

LUZ DE MI ALMA:

I was reading your letter from Rome this morning when in walked R——, himself looking very fit. He wants a few days to himself, and then wants, he says, plenty of work, something to deaden thought and kill the fidgets. I will see what I can do.

The worst of my present job is that I can delegate so little of it. It is a grim grey world you have left me to, with nobody to talk to, or to walk with, to keep me in the straight path by showing me the crooked. I have a million things I should like to bore you with, but I

cannot take time to write them. I have worked on this miserable Alaska question for six months. Yesterday C—— wired me a proposition agreed on between him, P—— and S——, which I had spent weeks beforehand in getting everybody here to agree to. I thought I could intone my little *nunc dimittis*, when this morning comes in young T——, and tells me Canada won't let S—— do it. Now the fat is in the fire and I "don't much care if I never get to Texas." I grow wanner and wanner, day by day.

Everybody dissolves into mush, the moment you want them to do anything. . . . The newspapers do not bother me much, as I never read them, except the *S——*, which is not so funny as it used to be, and the *T——*, which I like because it is so true to M——. It says every man in the B—— C—— was either bribed by A—— or terrorized by A——. It is curious how little anything counts. M—— is all right. The Court condemns him, but President E—— and the comic papers are with him.

Mrs. L—— was here a day or two *en route* to C——. She gets a daily diary from N——, who finds S—— a dazzling fairy land. She showed me some late portraits of Lady C——, which are not

only beautiful, but, what is better, look well and strong.

The sensation of the hour is that Mrs. C—— is coming home next month to pass the summer at the Isle of Rabbits. I do not know.

D—— H—— is at San Francisco finishing up his letter of credit. He was shot through the hat at Caloocan, and has not yet told us about it—showing a lucidity of intellect which astonishes his dad.

C—— D—— is to be your neighbor in C—— House. K—— B—— came in to-day. He thinks well of his China and is going back. You are wrong—as usual—about the open door. It is wider than ever for us. C—— says so—and, being Calmuck, he cannot lie.

HAY TO CLARENCE KING.

Department of State,
Washington, July 25, 1899.

MY DEAR KING :

Of course you will never get this, but here goes !

I hope to leave here next week for the Fells, and to be there the greater part of the time till October. Cannot you give us a few weeks, or such a matter? You have really never been there—the stingy little visit does not count. The house is bigger than when you saw it.

Come when no graver cares employ ;
Godfather, come and see your boy,
Your presence will be sun in winter,
Making the little one leap for joy.

I cannot with a pen, which I hate, begin the story of my adventures since I saw you last. Come, and I will bore the sweet life out of you, telling all about it.

And you, where are you? On the top of some exceeding high mountain. Sitting, a star, upon

the sparkling spire. Curious how Tennysonian I am to-night!

Or possibly you may be even in New York, thereby proving your originality. If that be so, let us make a rendezvous at the N—— H—— Station and go up together. What a shout of welcome there would be.

But write, wherever you are!

HAY TO ADAMS.

Newbury, N. H., Aug. 5, 1899.

MY DEAR HEART:

I left Washington last Monday, being just able to crawl to the station. The heat has been so steady and uncomfortable that it has nearly used us all up, and besides that, the State Department, always impossible, has been a little H—ll upon earth for the last few months. It was bad enough before you went away; but it has grown constantly worse, and there being nobody to talk to, and call it names, makes the whole thing intolerable.

You know I told you long years ago that there would never be another Treaty, of any significance, ratified by the Senate. The truth of this becomes clearer to me every hour. You may say I am contradicted by the ratification of the Treaty of Peace. But I hold that this is a most striking confirmation of my theory. A treaty of peace, in any normal state of things, ought to be ratified with unanimity in twenty-four hours. They wasted six weeks in wrangling over this one, and ratified it with one vote to spare. We have five or six matters now demanding settlement; I can settle them all, honorably and advantageously to our own side; and I am assured by leading men in the Senate that not one of the Treaties, if negotiated, will pass the Senate. I should have a majority in every case—but a malcontent third would certainly dish every one of them. To such disastrous shape has the original mistake in the Constitution grown in the evolution of our politics.

You must understand it is not merely *my* solution the Senate will reject. They will reject, for instance, any Treaty whatever, on any subject, made with E——. I doubt if they would accept

any Treaty of consequence with R—— or G——. The recalcitrant third would be differently composed, but it would be on hand.

So that the real duties of a Secretary of State seem to be three:—To fight claims upon us by other States; to press more or less fraudulent claims of our citizens upon other countries; to find offices for the friends of Senators when there are none.

The President has more nerve than any of them. He says to me:—"Make a treaty as you think it should be made, and let the Senate do as they like." But I shrink from doing a thing which is foredoomed to failure and which may injure him. If I could be the scapegoat I would most gladly bind my batch of treaties to my horns and trot gaily off to the wilderness—say Paris, where you are.

I spent a day in New York. I had a woful three hours' talk with S——, and never knew until the next day how he has been lambasting us all in the *T*——. I read no newspapers—at least I get that much comfort out of life.

I had luncheon with Mrs. C—— who seems remarkably well—as well as I ever saw her. You know probably all about her plans—at least,

as much as she does. She is aching to turn you out of house and home, but seems uncertain when she will be able to. Her two poles of motion are Paris where she would be, and D—— where she wouldn't. She sees much of the great and good,—such as P——, Q——, T—— and B—— C——, —and endures it like the cynical saint she is. It makes me ashamed that the Senate should bore me.

I do not think I have any news. It is a curious thing to stay in Washington through the summer. Nobody is left but office-holders and a few belated seekers. The town is given over to colour. In my solitary walk to Mrs. H——'s I saw hardly a Caucasian on the street. Tall, slender girls everywhere with light summer dresses and black arms darkly shining through their sleeves of gauze.

My nature, like the dyer's hand, has been so subdued to Washington that I pine for the purgatory I have left, even here, in the delicious air of these hills. I cannot realize that A—— is there bossing the job better than I could. I cannot sleep for thinking of the various "dips" with whom I have business.

. . . . Are you ever coming back? I hear

surmises that B—— is in doubt of his Trans-Siberian journey. I wish you were here, and yet I fear I should bore you sorely. I inquired about K—— in New York. H—— says he is in the West very busy. “Is he making anything?” “Well, no! that last Mexican mine promised very well, but they have just reorganised and left K—— out.” What a horrible monotony!

HAY TO HENRY WHITE.

Newbury, N. H., Aug. 11, 1899.

MY DEAR WHITE :

It is now a year since you brought to S—— that fatal summons. We both doubted whether I should survive a year of the State Department ; but here I am, not much the worse for wear, so far as I can see. But the other forebodings have been fully realized. It is impossible to exaggerate the petty worries and cares which, added to the really important matters, make the office of Secretary of State almost intolerable.

The unrestricted freedom of access which members of Congress and especially Senators, insist upon; the venomous greed with which they demand and quarrel over every scrap of patronage that falls in, the clamor of private claimants and their attorneys, for pressure to be applied to poverty stricken S—— A—— S——, who may or may not, owe them money, all these things which are outside of my legitimate work, would take every hour of my day, if allowed. And in addition there were never so many questions of actual weight pressing upon the Department as now. No less than twelve subjects are under discussion between us and C——, some of them capital; then there is the C—— B—— matter and serious affairs with I——, G—— and C——; besides the usual scraps with S—— A——.

The worst of all is the uncertainty about what the Senate may do in any given case. You may work for months over a Treaty, and at last get everything satisfactorily arranged, and send it into the Senate, when it is met by every man who wants to get a political advantage, or to satisfy a personal grudge, everyone who has asked for an office and not got it, everyone,

whose wife may think mine has not been attentive enough,—and if they can muster one-third of the Senate and one, your Treaty is lost without any reference to its merits. That is our predicament now in our C—— controversy. I could draw up in twenty-four hours a settlement which would be perfectly satisfactory to Lord S—— and to me. But the odds are two to one that C—— would not accept it, or that our Senate would throw it out. It is a well-nigh hopeless case. The President and the Cabinet are squarely with me. They tell me to go ahead, do what I think is right, and chance the Senate. But I must feel of my ground somewhat, before risking a defeat in the Senate, which ought to involve my continuance in the government. I would gladly go out on such an issue, if it were not to damage the President next year. So summing up my year at the head of the Cabinet I may say that while I have got on fully as well as I imagined, the annoyances have also been precisely what I expected—and there has hardly been an hour of real enjoyment the whole year.

Washington socially has been of a dullness scarcely conceivable. Of course part of this is

due to my age and fatigue, but not all. People are not as amusing as they used to be. Mrs. C—— gone; hardly ever here; C—— K—— has vanished into the under world of western mines; B—— P—— dead. Really your letters give me and my wife more glimpses of personal interest than anything we get elsewhere. . . .

Mrs. C—— was so amiable as to lunch with me in New York on my way here. She was as charming as ever, and especially nice in not speaking of M——. R—— strengthens the Cabinet very much. . . . R—— was my suggestion—though of course they charge it to P——.

I had a long and serious talk with the President the other day. He looks forward to another term of office with unaffected dread and distaste. He knows that there is nothing in it for him. He has made a magnificent record this term, to which he can add nothing substantial in the next. He is tired to the heart with the thousand *tracasseries* of the place. But I told him there was no possibility of his getting out. The party would be in a chaos in a moment if he withdrew.

He said:—"If I could only keep my present

Cabinet about me, I should not so much mind." This was when R—— was expected to take the Vice-Presidency; G—— to go into a great banking-scheme in New York; G—— to go back to his lucrative law-practice; L—— to retire. I have never had yet the evil courage to tell him I shall not stay. I shall wait till after the elections. But the bore and worry of it would be intolerable; the daily contact with greedy Senators and claimants of all sorts; and worse than all, the two-thirds rule in the Senate, which makes it impossible for this Department to carry out any large or liberal policy. . . .

HAY TO R. C. MAXWELL, ESQ.

Washington, D. C.,

September 1, 1899.

R. C. MAXWELL, ESQ., LL. D.

DEAR SIR :

I have received the beautiful volume—so exquisitely bound and illuminated—containing the

Address of Farewell which I had the honor of receiving through your Chairman the Rt. Hon. James Bryce, M. P., on my departure from England last autumn enriched by the signatures of your Executive Committee and of many of your members.

It is little to say that this volume will be cherished by me as long as I live and that it will always remain one of the most precious possessions of my children. The consciousness that I have not deserved so distinguished a compliment only emphasizes my appreciation of the generous and magnanimous spirit in which you have regarded the intention rather than the performance, and have recognized my earnest desire to be of use to my country by trying to bring it into a fuller and more cordial understanding with yours.

With very many thanks, which I beg you will convey to the members of the Committee,

I remain,

Dear Sir,

Most faithfully yours.

HAY TO HENRY WHITE.

Newbury, N. H.

September 9, 1899.

MY DEAR WHITE:

Many thanks for your long and most interesting letter of August 29. After a long letter of yours, I feel quite up to date for some time.

I was not allowed to spend my vacation in the idleness which I needed and coveted. I had to go back to Washington near the end of August and endure a fortnight of intense heat and corresponding work and worry. So far as T—— and I are concerned, the *modus vivendi* on the A—— B—— is settled. He evidently considers it arranged; but I put one or two absolutely essential saving clauses in my last note, and it is possible that they may induce another kick from C——. If they do not, then the work is done, for the present.

I shall be savagely attacked on the P—— C——, as a matter of course, but the fact remains we have done very well indeed. Naturally we have not yet got the line so far north as we claim

we own; but on the other hand we have pushed the C——s back fifteen miles from tide-water, and by drawing the line north of —— we have got them even away from —— navigation. A few of our mines will be found outside of the line, but we insist on equitable treatment for them, and they ought all to be very grateful —— though they won't be.

I can see no immediate prospect of our agreeing on the permanent boundary. There is a dull, malignant, feeling of opposition in the Senate to any arrangement, which I am afraid would be sure to carry one-third of the votes. I am greatly disappointed in C—— D——'s attitude. I thought he would be with us I shall try to run the matter along till the President and I can see and talk with a number of the Senators. I should make the Treaty at once, and put the responsibility of rejecting it on the Senate; but the President very properly has to consider the political effect of a fight with the Senate, and while he agrees entirely with me in the whole matter, and even says:—"Go ahead and I will be with you;" I cannot make up my mind to adopt a course which, however right in itself, may injure him.

I wish I could believe that Lord S—— would let the C—— B—— Convention go through, independent of C—— matters.

Whatever we do, the B—— party will attack us as slaves of ——. All their State Conventions put an E—— plank in their platform to curry favor with the —, whom they want to keep, and the —, whom they want to seduce. It is too disgusting to deal with such sordid liars.

A fantastic lie is going the rounds of the western papers that there is a struggle *à outrance* going on between R—— and me as to which shall boss the islands. There is not a shadow of truth in it. There is no dissension in the Cabinet in any quarter. It has been enormously strengthened since its original form, and is now a very smooth-running and practical machine. . . .

HAY TO JAMES FORD RHODES.

Department of State,
Washington, Oct. 19, 1899.

MY DEAR RHODES:

I have received your Volume IV and spent a great part of the night in reading it. It is an admirable piece of work, showing lucidity of vision and of style, great research and marvelous calmness of judgment. Of course I found some things in which I cannot agree; e. g., your approval of McC——'s inertia after Antietam. But this is only another proof of your remarkable capacity of seeing the other side.

I must congratulate you on a great and legitimate success. No man can be a great historian who is not a good fellow. The talent and the character are both yours.

HAY TO HENRY WHITE.

Department of State,
Washington, Nov. 20, 1899.

MY DEAR WHITE:

I enclose some *post mortem* literature of the Ohio campaign which may amuse you. The printing of my letter is of hideous vulgarity; but they seemed to like it, as they distributed a million copies of it.

I hope in a day or so—before you read these lines,—to wind up the S—— business. If so, it will be a good day's work, to which I have looked forward through many anxious hours. I have wanted to see this outcome for many years and hardly hoped ever to accomplish it.

There are other grave problems which I hardly dare hope will be solved so satisfactorily. But we shall see.

I thought, as you did, last year, that I should not bear the burden more than a year. But I am alive, and as well as in London, in spite of the fact that here it is all work and no play.

My family come back to me to-morrow from
_____.

Thanks for your last long letter. I am always delighted to hear from you and from L——, where I find I left a large part of my affections. Give my affectionate regards to B—— and R—— and—I should not stop if I were to begin. But Mrs. W—— first of all.

HAY TO ADAMS.

Department of State,
Washington, Dec. 26, 1899.

MY DEAR ADAMS:

I calculate that by good luck and no delays, this letter may reach you at the instant you are spreading your wings to leave your beloved Paris for what I fear has become your less beloved Washington.

I am very glad to say I have no news to give you. News at our time of life is always more or less upsetting. I can promise you a town which,

for social dullness, I think, has not its equal in the universe this winter. Even London is less dull, because they have the excitement of grief and terror, while we are wallowing in a fat and stupid prosperity that gives occasion for nothing but sleep and scorn.

I suppose D—— has not gone over to Paris to see you. It was rather far from Piccadilly, and your words of wisdom have a Delphic and amphibolous character which might confuse rather than edify the young consul. So it is perhaps just as well for him to go on his way unenlightened. He may come a terrible cropper now and then, but he is young, and at his age broken bones mend quickly. I am inclined to think that Washington is rather the most dangerous place on the face of the earth just now. Men with bicycle accidents are piled up on the curbstones in C—— Avenue in windrows.

Everything will be as dull as you foresee. Now that you are coming I feel safe to say it and to protect my own reputation for veracity. We shall be delighted to see you for three months if you can stay so long. I fear you overestimate your powers of endurance. Why a man who is in Paris should want to come to Washing-

ton without being obliged to, passes my imagination, but I am like Mr. Dickens' man without arms, who never could imagine nothing and was monotonous company. Still when you get here we will send for K—— and perhaps be merry for a day or two.

HAY TO EDWIN A. ABBEY.

Department of State,
Washington, Jan. 24, 1900.

. . . . "May you live long and prosper" is a useless banality addressed to you, as you are built on what Walt Whitman used to call "longeve" principles, and nobody can be anything but happy who is as busy as you are. I know of nothing more wholesome than work like yours, which brings fame and prosperity at once, and which is done independently of the will of any other creature upon earth. For my part, I have enough to do to keep my mind occupied, but I am so bound in a net-work of environment

and circumstances that it is dollars to doughnuts that all the work I do goes for nothing. I have to account with a majority of both Houses of Congress on all matters in which I am interested, and in the Senate a minority of one-third is able to bring to nought in a moment of spite or partisan malice the result of a year of unselfish work. I think I may allow myself the little boast in the word "unselfish," as everything I have done hitherto has been for the advantage of the country, and not in the least for my own or for that of my party.

. A—— got home the other day, and by great good luck we were able to capture K—— in New York and bring him down to meet him, and we had a merry little dinner with what is left of the gang. . . .

HAY TO SENATOR JOHN T. MORGAN.

Department of State,
Washington, Feb. 13, 1900.

DEAR GENERAL MORGAN :

I can hardly tell you with what emotions of gratitude and admiration I have read your report. It is a marvelous specimen of clear statement, close reasoning and noble eloquence. If the Treaty is ratified, your Report will easily be its sufficient justification ; if it fails, I shall always feel that I was amply rewarded for my labor and care by your masterly vindication of it. Whatever happens I shall be, for the rest of my life,

Your obliged and faithful

friend and servant.

HAY TO JOHN J. MCCOOK.

Department of State,
Washington, April 22, 1900.

MY DEAR MR. MCCOOK :

Your letter of yesterday causes me deep gratification. My position here is full of difficulty. I should gladly be relieved of it, if the President were willing but he is not, and I must of course abide by his wishes.

The thing which is almost intolerable is this : I see the opportunity of great advantage to be gained by timely negotiations, for which all the conditions are wonderfully favorable, advantages which have been the dream of American Statesmen for generations, and I can do nothing on account of the attitude of the Senate. First there is the Constitutional mistake of giving the absolute vote to one-third of that body, and secondly the habit which has grown up of late years, of the introduction of trivial Amendments involving matters which have been thoroughly considered in the negotiations and

rejected; then the practice of endless delay which gives the newspapers the chance to find subjects of attack, of which they avail themselves with imperfect knowledge of the matter in question, till the parties divide, and all hope of a two-thirds vote is gone.

I long ago made up my mind that no treaty, on which discussion was possible, no treaty that gave room for a difference of opinion could ever pass the Senate. When I sent in the Canal Convention I felt sure no one out of a mad house could fail to see that the advantages were all on our side. But I underrated the power of ignorance and spite, acting upon cowardice.

A few things I have been able to do without the Senate's coöperation. But the bulk of my time is taken up listening to the importunities of Senators demanding places for their friends which I cannot give them, and denying the perfectly just claims of foreign representatives because I have no authority to grant them and cannot get it from Congress.

The only compensation for all these miseries is the occasional assurance from men like you,

that I have not entirely lost the confidence of decent people.

Yours gratefully.

HAY TO RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

Department of State,
Washington, April 24, 1900.

MY DEAR GILDER:

Many thanks for your kind letter from Berlin. I need all the help and comfort I can get from the apostles of sweetness and light, for verily I am in deep waters these days. Matters have come to such a pass with the Senate that it seems absolutely impossible to do business. I do not believe that any treaty will ever pass the Senate constituted as it now is, if it relates to a subject about which there can be any discussion whatever. The fact that a treaty gives to this country a great, lasting advantage, seems to weigh nothing whatever in the minds of about half the Senators. Personal interests, per-

sonal spites, and a contingent chance of a petty political advantage are the only motives that cut any ice at present.

Yours sincerely.

HAY TO ADAMS.

Department of State,
Washington, June 15, 1900.

I got your letter and was so delighted with it that I ran about with it among your friends for a week, and was so busy chuckling over your wicked enterprise in taking a *rez-de-chaussée*—that I really believe I did not answer it. And why should I? I have not a traitor word to say. I grow busier and busier day by day. Nothing is ever completed and new worries rise up every day.

Congress is gone but its ghost still lingers. Every day some statesman comes up and asks me the true inwardness of C—— B——, mean-

ing that if I give him a Consul or two, he will vote for my Treaty next winter. I hope I will experience a change of heart in November. Either the Major will be re-elected and need no more electoral votes, or he will be defeated and set free from bondage and I can say with Catiline, "Henceforth my sword's my own."

. . . The Vice-Presidency is at this date anybody's persimmon. As you will know all about it before this reaches you, I will say nothing except that the utmost artesian boring has not availed to elicit from the President his choice. I get a little from out of it. All the statesmen who want it come and offer their State delegation's vote to me.

Nothing—but nothing would induce me to stay where I am or take anything else, when my term of enlistment has expired.

We have had a comical visit from the Princess —. She came on strict incognito and settled down on the P——s like an eagle in a dove cote. She was wild as a Kaffir, full of delight at getting away from her husband and her G—— etiquette, and drove the staid Embassy crazy with her restlessness and her late hours. They opened the windows to let

out her smoke, and slept twenty-four hours on end when she departed.

I am all alone. Every human being has left town but R——, and he is awfully *lunedemielleux*. My family abandoned me yesterday, and you—I forbear to say what you have done in my hour of need.

HAY TO RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

Department of State,
Washington, June 28, 1900.

MY DEAR GILDER :

I have your letter of the 16th of June, and have only a moment in a plague and desolation of worrying affairs, to thank you for it, and to wish you a happy voyage home.

I am afraid you read too many newspapers while you are away. I am an old man, and have had opportunities of observation most of my days, and I give it to you straight that there never has been less corruption in American

affairs than there is to-day, nor, as I devoutly believe, in the affairs of any other people. . . .

With best wishes,

Yours affectionately.

HAY TO THE PRESIDENT.

Department of State,
Washington, July 29, 1900.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

Minister W— came to see me this morning and told me he wired L. H. C. yesterday telling him how very important it was that the Foreign Ministers in Peking should be put into immediate communication with their Governments. To-day he has an answer from Li saying he and the other Viceroy have sent their Government a joint Memorial, praying that they put the Ministers in communication with their Governments or that they deliver them under safe escort at Tien Tsin.

I told him that we could not consent to any such arrangement as the latter alternative, that if the Chinese Government was able to send them safely to Tien Tsin, it was able to put us into free communication with them, that if the Chinese Government undertook without previous arrangement to deliver them and failed by any accident, nothing would convince the Foreign Governments that the Chinese had acted in good faith.

He finally consented to telegraph Li again to-day, urging that the Ministers be put in communication with their Governments before any attempt is made to take them to Tien Tsin.

He is greatly perturbed in spirit but seems to be acting squarely with us. He admits there are many things he cannot explain. He does not attempt to account for the silence of the legations, but believes the Ministers, except Ketteler, are alive.

I have no other news.

Yours faithfully.

HAY TO SENATOR FAIRBANKS.

Newbury, N. H.,
August 11, 1900.

DEAR SENATOR FAIRBANKS:

I thank you sincerely for your kind letter of the 6th. I think myself we have been very fortunate thus far in the China matter, and of course it stiffens our spine and comforts our hearts to know that men like you approve. I have been under the weather but am now convalescing. I should soon get back to my usual form if I could keep my thoughts away from the thousand worries of this crazy old world of ours.

Faithfully yours.

HAY TO NICOLAY.

Newbury, N. H.,

August 21, 1900.

DEAR NICOLAY:

Your letter came when I was at my worst, and was laid away and not answered. I am not yet out of bed, but improving every day.

I was annoyed at the snooping microbe who gave me away in the *B*—— *J*——, and authorized a flat contradiction of the whole story,—but the fact is I was considerably used up when I got here. I did not imagine when I left Washington, how bad it was. If I had stayed another day I should not have got away at all. I have had two or three slight complications—the last and most agreeable is a lumbago which makes my walk slantendicular, so I don't walk much.

In fact, I have lived—and there is not much more to expect. My dreams when I was a little boy at W—— and P—— have absolutely and literally been fulfilled. The most important part of my public life came late, but it came in pre-

cisely the shape I dreamed when I was a boy. There has been less public speaking than I anticipated, but that is the only difference. I will do myself the justice to say I never thought of the Presidency, but I have been next to it—only one life between—for a year. I should have thought that this close proximity would be an object of care and anxiety, but it has never given me an instant's thought. My work has been easy to do, and not worrying. The thing that has aged me and broken me up has been the attitude of the minority of the Senate which brings to nought all the work a State Department can do. In any proper sense of the word, Diplomacy is impossible to us. No fair arrangement between us and another power will ever be accepted by the Senate. We must get everything and give nothing,—and even then some malignant Senator or newspaper will attack the deal, and say we have surrendered everything,—and that scares our cowardly friends out of their wits.

But what is the use of all this buzzing. You and I cannot make a new Constitution.

HAY TO WHITELAW REID.

Newbury, N. H.,
September 1, 1900.

MY DEAR REID :

It was good to get a letter from you in your own handwriting—not that I object to the type, but the script makes one think of old times.

Neither of the stories in the papers is true. The fellows lied when they said I was dying, and I lied a little when I said I was fit as a flea, or words to that effect. A contradiction has to be unqualified or it does not contradict. The fact is that my June and July in Washington, with a crisis per hour, and a temperature of 98°, used me up considerably. This old tabernacle which I have inhabited for sixty years is getting quite ramshackle in the furnace, the plumbing and the electrical arrangements. But I have had myself pretty thoroughly overhauled, and they tell me there is nothing much the matter except antiquity, and that I have the right to look forward to a useless

and querulous old age. I can't get back to Washington for a while yet, and though I feel like a shirk and a malingerer in putting off my work on A—— and R——, I comfort myself with the thought that they are doing it admirably.

I thank you most cordially for your good words about my work, and I must thank you over again for the able and constant support you have given us in every time of need. Particularly in this China business, not only the editor but the Washington representative of the *T*—— have held up our hands magnificently. During the darkest days, when the whole world was deriding us for our naïveté and credulity, F—— was almost alone, among the men who came to the Department, in believing that C—— was alive, and that we should save him.

HAY TO H. CABOT LODGE.

Newbury, N. H.,
September 13, 1900.

MY DEAR LODGE:

. . . The elections seem to have gone off very well. But why should anybody want to vote for B—— this year? I can perfectly understand a man refusing to vote for McK—— on well-known principles of human conduct,—but I cannot—never could—comprehend that polarization of hatred that induces a man because he hates B—— or McK—— or G——, to adore C—— or B—— or D——. What a spectacle the S——s and G——s present! asking people to vote for B—— because the Republicans can tie him up, and prevent him from raising Cain when he gets in. And O——, the nostalgia of the old Copperhead for his party, knowing its vileness but unable to keep away from it!

HAY TO SIR JOHN CLARK.

Newbury, N. H.,

September 18, 1900.

MY DEAR SIR J——:

This day reminds me of the Highlands and as the Highlands mean always T—— to us, I send you greeting and good wishes. We are at the same altitude as you and we have sunshine and mists in their seasons, almost as delectable as those which you habitually enjoy.

This has been the vilest summer and autumn of our lives. My wife had been repeatedly summoned to the bedside of her mother, and finally two months ago, to her death-bed and funeral. She was eighty-two, but her face took on a look of youth and attractiveness which I remembered twenty-five years ago; a look of rest and comfort after pain.

I was kept in Washington long after the time at which our capital becomes intolerable, by various diplomatic complications. When at last I was able to get away, I went to pieces all at once from heat and exhaustion and have had

six weeks of disgusting invalidity. I am no longer at the age when repairs are quickly made to the inner economy; and besides if I felt a little better on any day, the evening mail was sure to bring some particularly annoying news or inquiry which nullified the advantage gained. But I am now, I hope, decidedly better and am counting on going back to my work on the 1st of October.

The worst of it is to have so many "fool friends" in the Press who make a point of standing by the State Department when I am in Washington, and of whacking it right and left when I am away, saying "this is not what Hay would have done"—when perhaps it is precisely what I have advised or directed.

Take it all together I shall be glad to finish at the first hour when I can get out with honour and propriety. If my health lasts, I shall stay till next spring, when I shall cease to be *héritier présomptif* to the Presidency. I see no reason as yet to doubt that McK— will be reëlected. But even in that case, the composition of our Senate, and the original constitutional error which gives a third of that body a power to veto on treaties, render it

impossible for me to carry out the policies which I have cherished all my life, and in which I have the loyal support of the President and my colleagues in the Cabinet. So like many another better man before me, I find power and place when it comes late in life, not much more than dust and ashes. I have done some good—all I could do under the circumstances—and the failures I foresee in the wrangle of next winter, though they may discredit me, will leave the results of my work untouched.

C—— K—— spent a day with us here a few weeks ago. He is as delightful as ever, though hard worked and not too strong. H—— A—— is digging away in Paris on medieval philosophy and architecture. Your friend G—— is, I verily believe, losing his mind. He says McK—— and I are “the most dangerous scoundrels by whom any country was ever beset.” It always amuses a weak altruist like me to hear himself called a dangerous scoundrel—and so I am grateful to G——.

Yours affectionately.

HAY TO WHITELOW REID.

Newbury, N. H.,
September 20, 1900.

MY DEAR REID :

. . . . I hope to get back to Washington in ten days. I am hardly fit, but my staying away—on a vacation which, after all, has not been inordinate—begins to excite unnecessary comment. I must go back and take the racket which I am paid for, relieving poor A——, who is the ablest man in our diplomatic service, bar none, but who does not seem to have corralled the correspondents.

Thank you for your kind mention of D——. Nothing ever said of me has annoyed me so much as the attack upon him by C—— and B—— C——. But I don't know that anything matters much.

About China, it is the devil's own mess. We cannot possibly publish all the facts without breaking off relations with several powers. We shall have to do the best we can, and take the consequences,—which will be pretty serious, I

do not doubt. "Give and take,"—the axiom of diplomacy to the rest of the world,—is positively forbidden to us, by both the Senate and public opinion. We must take what we can, and give nothing—which greatly narrows our possibilities.

I take it, you agree with us that we are to limit as far as possible our military operations in China, to withdraw our troops at the earliest day consistent with our obligations, and in the final adjustment to do everything we can for the integrity and reform of China, and to hold on like grim death to the open door. . . .

HAY TO ADAMS.

Newbury, N. H.,
September 25, 1900.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR:

I got your letter of the 13th this morning. I had to read it aloud, and then each member of the family had it for private consumption. When it came C——'s turn, his sister, with

the arrogance of seniority, said, "It won't interest you," a taunt which he met with great dignity by reading it twice with much enjoyment. We all noticed one serious fault in it. You say nothing about coming back to us. I must be honest and admit that nothing but mere altruism would bring you back to Washington. I need you no end, but, alas, the inevitable has happened, and I have become a bore. I cannot tell exactly when the malady attained its present proportions—its progress is always insidious. But the fact is not to be denied. I can think of nothing but the Senate and talk of little else. Even when I get out of office, which will be, D. V., next March, I have a grisly suspicion that it will be no better. The poison is immanent. I shall begin every phrase with: "When I was . . ."

Meanwhile what an infernal winter confronts me; wrangling all day with the individual pork senatorial, who will have promised all the consulates in the service during this canvass,—and seeing all my treaties slaughtered, one by one, by the 34 per cent. of kickers and strikers.

The only mitigation I can foresee is being sick a good part of the time. I am nearing my

grand climacteric and the great *culbute* is approaching.

I have dawdled up here for two months, most of the time abed. But I am now able to "sit up and take nourishment," and to walk two miles up hill. So that I have no excuse for further shirking. I go to Washington the last of this week, if nothing prevents. The papers, which try to be good-natured, say things have gone to the Adversary in my absence, and only my presence at the Capital can save the foundering State. But A—— has done nothing I would not have done and he has more sense than the whole gang of newspaper men and politicians. I shall take pleasure in telling them so. They talk like—what they are—about our duty to boss the job in China, to force the other powers to follow our lead, when we have no army and no central government. Even that light-weight blatherskite B——, calls us imperialists in one breath, and in the next attacks us for not being imperial enough. They expect us to make R—— honest and G—— unselfish; to insult E—— every hour and make certain of her coöperation whenever it is needed; to keep China

whole and to smash her to pieces :—That is our job, and we shall do it as best we can.

H—— has been crying wolf all summer, and has been much derided for his fears, but now everybody shares them. B—— comes out a frank anarchist again in his letter of acceptance; and M—— with his coal strike has thrown at least a hundred thousand votes to him. I hardly think he can make the raffle, but how every fibre of selfishness and indolence in me—and there isn't much else,—would rejoice if we were defeated. That would let me out at once and forever, and no questions asked.

HAY TO C—— S—— H——.

Conferring of Degree at Princeton.

Department of State,
Washington, D. C., Oct. 29, 1900.

Well! I lived through it and got here safely at half-past nine. I think never in my life was I as tired as I was at 4 o'clock yesterday after-

noon. Too tired to talk or even sit in a chair. I went to the station fifteen minutes before time and hid in my special car till it started. Up to the last moment I had been saying "I must go to New York," but when the hour came I had not life enough left in me to change cars twice. To begin at the beginning. I had a very busy morning, got a lot of things done and carried them all through the Cabinet meeting with a rush. Arriving at Princeton President P—— met me at the station and took me to tea at Mr. T—— P——'s. The dinner at the P——s was very nice, twenty-two persons. The place is beautiful and the day was perfectly glorious. We went first to the Library where I was gowned and one of the faculty showed me how to wear my hood. Then the long procession of Doctors and trustees formed, all in gown and different brilliant colored hoods and marched through the grounds to the Crocker Memorial Hall, a very fine building given by Mrs. A——. We marched up to the stage. I sat on the President's right; S—— on the left; P—— made a speech in which he mentioned my name and I heard for the first time, the ring of a Princeton round of applause. I

never heard anything so sharp and loud. I had to wait an hour and a half through P——'s and S——'s speeches till my part came. S——'s address was very fine and splendidly delivered. I sat there nearer dead than alive. Professor W—— W—— presented me to the President for my degree. The President conferred it in Latin. Somebody put on my hood and I made my little speech of thanks and was deafened with applause. I thought I should have had an hour of repose before the lunch and reception, but no. I had been elected an Hon. member of the American Whig Society and had to go to their Hall to be initiated. It is a famous society founded by Madison of which a lot of statesmen have been members. Then they made me make a little speech and I had to sit on the platform and Mr. P—— and Mr. A—— and a Mr. Professor C——. By this time I was pretty well convinced that I was "A bigger man than old Grant." We went back to the President's and the lunch hour was on and I had to stand beside Mrs. P—— and be presented to her guests; 350 were present; I cannot remember their names but they were all very enthusiastic and many asked after you and sent

their regards and their regrets at not seeing you. At last Mrs. P—— told me to take Mrs. C—— to lunch. The P——s did not go, as they had to stand by the door. So Mrs. C—— and I, and Dr. and Mrs. S—— and Mrs. P——, the old lady, daughter of M—— T—— I believe, only us five—had lunch by ourselves in a private room—like royalties. The ex-President was not there, having been called away to the funeral of M. W——, his P. M. General, in Virginia. Mrs. C—— was very pleasant. Just before I started I drove around to her house to leave a card and found her. It is a very pretty place with big trees and plenty of grass.

When I got in the train I saw in the evening papers the news of the Anglo-German agreement to defend the integrity of China and the Open Door. This was the greatest triumph of all. Lord S—— proposed this to me, before I left England. I could not accept it, because I knew that unspeakable Senate of ours would not ratify it, and ever since I have been laboring to bring it about without any help, and succeeded as far as was possible for one power to do it. Now then, two great powers, who are not de-

pendent upon the Senate, come together and form a compact to confirm and fortify my work, which makes the 20th of October a great day in my little life.

HAY TO ADAMS.

Department of State,
Washington, Oct. 31, 1900.

This may not interest you, my beloved pundit, but it will instruct you and that is better. If you refuse to read it, I will give you a brief syllabus of it. S——'s plan is to elect a lunatic President and trust to a sane Congress to fit him with a straight jacket. A—— prefers to elect a sane President (not too sane) and give him a lunatic Congress to have fun with. There is much to be said in favor of either plan, but I doubt if one vote in Massachusetts and one in New York will bring either about this year.

I leaped for joy at the intimation in your last letter that you might possibly be here in

December. I shall certainly go to the D—— if you don't come—though I am painfully aware that your interest in Monsignor Diavolo would tend rather to keep you from cheating him out of his dues. But be merciful and come. I shall perish for lack of exercise if I have nobody to walk with, and I think I have promised not to talk much about the Senate.

. . . . The A——-G—— pact was a bomb-shell here. None of the diplomats know anything about it. My B—— people say it is a victory for G—— *and* R——. C—— can't get a word out of S——. P—— thinks it all right and apologizes for infringing my copyright. I quoted your *mot* about the dearest wish of your heart being to be pirated. All of the powers seem to be shy, except J——, who plunged in boldly and said they were into the game, third clause and all—I imagine a little to the consternation of the two signatories.

Our position was a matter of course. We can't make alliances, but we can't object to other powers making alliances to do our chores for us. If—of course.

Our folks are curiously nervous about next

Tuesday. The canvass is all right—the betting also. But nobody knows what Jack Cade may do.

HAY TO MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER.

Department of State,
Washington, Dec. 23, 1900.

MY DEAR SCHUYLER:

You are larrupping me in *The T*——— properly enough—for the ridiculous outcome of the Peking preamble. If I could talk to you half an hour I could perhaps make you understand the preposterous tangle of bad luck and stupidities which have landed us where we are. I must take my share of the blame—although I have done nothing wrong—because fate has been malicious, and bad luck is, and must be punished more severely than intentional sin.

But I will try to tell you in a word or two of the inconceivable *contretemps*. Some three weeks ago C—— wired us that the joint note was

ready to sign, on the terms at last agreed on after infinite labor. He sent us a copy of it in which the word "irrevocable" did not appear. He said the majority of his colleagues wished to retain it, but would yield if we insisted. I instantly wired him:—"Sign joint note as transmitted." I had an instinctive fear of the cipher, and so avoided all mention of the objectionable word. Now what does fate do but change one digit of the group meaning "transmitted," so that C—— read it "majorities." It made no sense, was incoherent and ungrammatical, but that unhappy C——, instead of asking us to repeat the telegram, jumped at the conclusion that it was an authorization for him to make a graceful concession to the "majority" of his colleagues, and ran cackling around to them with the agreeable news. So for ten days we heard nothing—thought everything was satisfactorily arranged—while all the ministers were getting authority from their governments to sign the note with "irrevocable" restored to the text. England held out, but was reported by the press to be insisting on the *retention* of the word. At last, as the result of frantic inquiries at London and Peking, I found out the facts. I instantly

wired a sharp instruction to C—— ordering him to undo his mistake, and I asked England to insist on the course she was pursuing. But it was too late. C—— told me it was impossible to make his colleagues change again. England had at last given way and ordered S—— to sign. Peking and London both saw that delay would endanger everything, and that, as we had gained our other points, “irrevocable” was no longer harmful. Still I held out and once more ordered C—— to insist. I held up the signature three days—at the end of which C—— wired he had done his utmost, and that the whole negotiation would fail if we refused to sign.

HAY TO ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Department of State,
Washington, Jan. 12, 1901.

MY DEAR MR. CARNEGIE:

I thank you cordially for your kind letter and the "corpse reviver, it is the true, the blushful Hippocrene,"—and if a man could only drink enough of it, he would either never die, or wouldn't care whether he did or not.

I have had a dismal week of it;—getting well of the grippe is worse than getting sick of anything else. And besides I am tired to the marrow of my bones, twisting the rope of sand which is American Diplomacy. Nothing you can do stands against the caprice of a little group of statesmen who know nothing and care nothing for the principles for which you are working, nor for the facts which limit and determine your work.

But this is a waste of time.

HAY TO ADAMS.

Arizona, near Phoenix,
May 7, 1901.

MY DEAR ADAMS :

We are stationary on an alkali plain with a hot box—the only moment of leisure I have had since we started. When we left the station at Washington, among the chattering idiots who were telling me: “What a good time you are going to have!” the only voice of reason was from D——, who said:—“Perhaps it won’t be so rotten after all.” But it *has* been. I do not object to the heat or the dust. While we are on the train it is quite tolerable. I can go to my cabin and loaf. I can’t read or write or think—but I was always a dab at doing nothing.

It is the stops—the getting into hacks and being driven in the broiling sun through the principal streets to the Public Square; then an address of welcome from the Mayor or the Governor; a response from the President, who then says “You will be glad I am sure,” and then a perfunctory “Hurrah for Hay,” and darkness

closes the scene. I stutter and balk and stammer and sit down and then S—— spellbinds them, if there is time. I have grown quite an adept at saying a word or two absolutely without meaning and without cerebral expense.

And the long, long banquets of twenty-two courses and the drizzle of eloquence to follow.

And the peril to my immortal soul when they ask me what I think of their city. I hastily run over all the advantages of London and Paris and Tadmor in the wilderness, and say their town combines all their charms and none of their faults—which is swallowed even as a turkey gobbles a June-bug.

It has not yet killed me, and possibly it will not, for after all the racket, it is a sort of rest from the State Department. H—— has done noble, not a line has yet reached me from him. The statesmen and St. G—— seem to fill up all his time. Thanks be!

I cannot help hoping to catch a glimpse of K—— at P——. He is at P——, only sixty miles away.

I went 1500 feet into the earth's innards this morning to see a gold mine. The miners seemed

a mild Puritan sort of folks. I looked in vain for a Bret Harte hero among them.

All through New Mexico and Arizona children wave flags before us, inscribed: "We want Statehood!" The crowds yell it in unison. What can they mean by it except that all the adult males want to be Senators?

The Señora is very well, and sends greetings. "A committee of prominent ladies" takes charge of her at every step, and she thrives under it.

Good Bye.

HAY TO CLARENCE KING.

Palace Hotel, San Francisco,

May 23, 1901.

DEAR KING:

Not having heard a word of you since you left us, except your telegram from New York, we were naturally anxious about you. At P—— we hoped you might turn up, but I am glad you did not, for a more hideous day of dust

and heat it would have been hard to imagine. . . .

We had a very interesting though toilsome journey which suddenly turned beautiful in California and likewise disastrous. Mrs. McK—— was dying for two days, but was saved by the heroic work of R—— and H——. By the way, H—— says he can cure tubercles—is certain of it—has done and can keep on doing it. Mrs. H—— makes me tell you this and gives you H——'s address (enclosed). I don't know what to think. He certainly has some marvellous X-rays of his cases.

. . . . We leave here Saturday morning. I suppose the whole north country will ring with maledictions over the interrupted trip; but the President is right not to risk another such trouble. . . .

HAY TO CLARENCE KING.

Department of State,
Washington, June 17, 1901.

. . . . I have just returned from a very hurried visit to the Exposition at Buffalo, which I found in a good state of progress towards completion. The electrical show at night is unquestionably the finest thing ever yet seen on earth. I don't believe that the show that Nero got up in Rome was any worthier of his fiddling.

Good-bye! Write me a letter whenever you can. I know you are excessively busy, but snatch a moment from other cares, and tell me how you are.

HAY TO HENRY WHITE.

Department of State,
Washington, June 18, 1901.

DEAR WHITE :

Here is a proof, moist from the press, of my little speech at the Exposition at Buffalo. It was a great audience—one thousand country editors. There is a good deal of comment about it in the papers.

Next week I go to Harvard for a degree of LL. D. . . .

I am very much obliged for your last letter—though a little disappointed at what you say of B——’s attitude. They ought to know, and I am very glad you told him, that if we cannot agree on a treaty before December, nothing can prevent a violent legislative abrogation of the C—— -B—— Convention. Lord P—— is now in England, and doubtless has before this talked the whole matter over with you.

It is a little matter—the T—— indemnity—but it has given us infinite trouble, and we feel pretty good over getting the cash and the Irades

we wanted. Everybody told me it was not possible—and naturally I like to see their predictions fail.

C—— goes home next week. He has given me renewed assurances about the open door in Manchuria!

My family are all in Newbury. The President has appointed D—— his assistant secretary—the one through whom he communicates with Congress—the place I held with Lincoln ages ago.

HAY TO HENRY WHITE.

Newbury, N. H.,

June 30, 1901.

MY DEAR WHITE :

I thank you for your kind telegram. We are overwhelmed with kindness from every quarter. If sympathy could help, our sorrow would be brief.

But every word of praise and affection which we hear of our dead boy but gives a keener edge to our grief. Why should he go, I stupidly ask, with his splendid health and strength, his courage, his hopes, his cheery smile which made everybody like him at sight; and I be left, with my short remnant of life, of little use to my friends and none to myself? Yet I know this is a wild and stupid way to rail at fate. I must face the facts. My boy is gone, and the whole face of the world is changed in a moment.

Have you heard how it happened? The night was frightfully hot and close. He sat on the window-sill to get cool before turning in, and fell asleep. He was the soundest sleeper I ever knew. He probably did not wake.

The President had just appointed him—without my advice—to be one of his secretaries,—the medium of communication with Congress and the Departments. D—— had great hesitation about accepting it. I would not help him even with a word. I thought it best to have him work it out by himself. He finally took it, and was full of preparations for it. He was not going to the White House till autumn, and meantime intended to make a cruise in Col.

P——'s yacht, and was thinking of surprising you with a visit.

All this is dust and ashes.

Mrs. H—— and H—— are bearing up wonderfully. I feared for both of them—they idolized him. But they show more strength than I do.

I go to Washington on Tuesday to put things in order for a longish vacation. A—— has got back, and the work of the Department is in very good shape. I am very glad we have this hermitage where we can hide our misery for a while.

HAY TO SIR JOHN CLARK.

800 Sixteenth Street,
Lafayette Square,
July 13, 1901.

DEAR SIR J—— :

My mind is so racked with grief and trouble that I cannot remember whether I have written to you since I received your kind note. My

wife and I, and H—— also, thank you from our hearts for remembering us. The dear boy was so devoted to you and Lady C——. His visit to T—— was one of the brightest memories of his short life.

What a waste it seems. Twenty-four years old—6 feet 2 and 15 stone—strong and wise and steady—able to hold his own in fight or council—and of all that brilliant promise nothing now but dust and ashes.

Yours faithfully.

HAY TO ADAMS.

Washington, D. C.,

July 14, 1901.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND:

That was a letter which did its work. It gave me a moment of distraction. It took my sore mind from my boy and made me think of my wife and the rest. I do not know yet whether I shall get through or not. I am not

making any progress. I am waiting to see if the nerves will stand the strain.

I have hideous forebodings. I have been extraordinarily happy all my life. Good luck has pursued me like my shadow. Now it is gone—it seems to me forever. I expect to-morrow to hear bad news, something insufferable.

The bright spot in the gloom is my wife. She has borne the horror wonderfully. For the first twenty-four hours I thought most of her, and what could be done to comfort her, but from the hour she arrived at New Haven she took care of me and the rest. H—— too was more of a man than I, and A—— and C—— are all I could wish.

I came down here for a week or two to put things in order for a longish vacation in the country. The work at the Department is in good shape. I shall win through, if there is no new disaster and no sunstroke. The weather has been frightful.

I am too old to stand this, I suppose. The commonplaces of consolation look entirely different to me now. I see what a dunce I was ever to use them with my friends. . . .

HAY TO CLARENCE KING.

800 Sixteenth Street,

July 14, 1901.

DEAR KING :

I wonder if I can write a word to you without going to pieces in the process. All my thoughts are with my dead boy. His face is always before me, always smiling and happy—never with the least shadow of pain, or resentment against the cruelty of fate. I am growing to feel a little comfort in this. Perhaps it means that all is well with him—that length of days is not so greatly to be desired. His little life was very happy. He had ease and variety; his family idolized him; everybody liked him and sought his company. C——urgently asked for him to come to the Embassy. McK—— had just named him his private secretary—not by my wish. He was famous at twenty-four—his name well known in three continents. . . .

After all, is it not well with the boy?

These are the things I try to think, but I mock myself. My grief seizes me like a bulldog and will not let me go. God help me!

.

HAY TO WHITELOW REID.

Newbury, N. H.,

July 22, 1901.

MY DEAR REID:

It is a month since our calamity came upon us, and yet we have not known an hour when we felt that we could talk to you and Mrs. R—— about it. The time will probably never come; we are too old to heal of such a wound. But we want to thank you for your kind messages of sympathy.

Our loss grows greater as we move away from it, and are able to see it more distinctly. He was a part of all our lives; our hopes, our plans, our pride, our affections, were all so bound

up in him that we find, wherever we turn, something broken, crippled, shattered, torn.

But I must not begin on such a train of thought. It would carry me too far.

My one source of comfort is the courage and sanity with which my wife bears her trouble. Through all that first horrible Sunday, my keenest anguish was for her. I wondered what was to become of her. I dreaded to meet her—but when she arrived and stood with me beside him, looking into his serene and smiling face,—he never looked so handsome and so happy,—I felt and have felt ever since that she had character enough for both of us.

She sends her love to you and Mrs. R——, and I am always. . . .

HAY TO HENRY WHITE.

Newbury, N. H.,

July 26, 1901.

. . . . I hardly know what to say about myself. I am dull and inert. I am inclined to hold on if possible a while longer. The President is most kind and insistent. If I keep afloat till next winter, we shall then see.

The weather here is very fine. It has been rather warm everywhere until lately but the last few days it has been delightfully cool and fresh. Mrs. H—— bears up wonderfully, and keeps us all alive and sane. She said at the very beginning,—“We must act as if he were away on one of his long journeys, and as if we were to see him again in due time. We must make no change whatever in our way of life.” So the children go on, asking his and their friends up here, trying to make no difference. I am sure she is wise—and I hope for the best. . . .

HAY TO CLARENCE KING.

Newbury, N. H.,

August 6, 1901.

MY DEAR CLARENCE KING :

Your letter shines on our sorrow like the evening light on these clouds. Tears blind our eyes as we read, but there is a beginning of comfort in them. It is as you say—we have a new companion, this sorrow which will go with us the rest of our lives. We cannot—we hardly wish to be rid of it. It is a keen anguish to think of him. Yet we cannot shut the door on the thought of him. God grant we may come to think of him at last only in love and pride, and without this wretched ache of the heart, with which reason has nothing to do. Reason would say:—"He is at rest. He had a happy and brilliant little life, many friends, much love, no sorrow. He died instantly without pain. He has left a sweet memory." That ought to satisfy us, and yet as I write the words, the savage, unreasoning grief takes me by the throat, and demands its dree, and will not be denied.

. . . . We are deeply grieved to hear you are still so poorly. . . . *Do* imagine something we can do!

HAY TO ADAMS.

Newbury, N. H.,

Aug. 9, 1901.

DEAR ADAMS:

Your letter from Bayreuth arrived to-day. I have a letter from K—— also. What he writes is more interesting than anything I could say, and equally wretched. I am afraid it is the “last of earth” — *alles stürzt zusammen*. He says:—“I write from bed where I have passed the last two months. A fever which has kept my poor head swimming and throbbing has made it impossible to write you coherently. A sense of your sad loss has been with me every hour and was about the only clear impression I had. They found I would probably die of heart failure in P—— (I nearly did it several

times) and brought me down here where I ceased to suffer at once, and am slowly learning to live again."

Then follow several pages about D—— which are heart-breaking in grace and tenderness—the old K—— manner. Then after an interval of several days of fever, he concludes:—"What would I give to be well and with you, to take my share of the passing shadow and the coming light. But I am a poor, sick, old fellow, uncertain yet of life or of death, suffering more than my lot, and simply waiting till nature and the foe have done their struggle."

There you have it in the face! The best and brightest man of his generation, who with talents immeasurably beyond any of his contemporaries, with industry that has often sickened me to witness it, with everything in his favor but blind luck, hounded by disaster from his cradle, with none of the joy of life to which he was entitled, dying at last, with nameless suffering, alone and uncared-for in a California tavern. *Ça vous amuse, la vie?*

As for me, I occupy myself in this green and shady wilderness, telling myself how much I ought to be thankful for,—how much I have

left,—how glad I ought to be that my boy's life was so neat and finished; that he died famous and without pain at 24; that so many people loved him; that he had his own way to the last—and then the primeval passion seizes me and shakes me and says:—"Thou Fool, pay me that thou owest!"

I am going to Washington again next week. There are a dozen or so jobs to attend to—and then the President wants me to go to C—and talk things over. I go, I hardly see why. I have no conceit about my usefulness. Anyone else could do all I do—given the Senate and the Major. The things I might do, which would be of some little advantage, I am not allowed to do, even with the free hand the President has always given me. I cannot blame him for my sins or my failures. He has no more freedom than I have. If I were in his place I would not do so well as he does—I am clear as to that. I cannot even find it in my heart to rail at the Senators. They are as God made them, and they act according to the law of their being. But why I should stay in the State Department knowing the sterility of my best intentions, is more than I can tell you.

Perhaps with me also it is in interest, obstinacy, disinclination to let the other fellow down me. To take the best view of it, it may be the dregs of a puritan conscience which makes me stay simply because I don't want to.

Yours affectionately.

HAY TO JOSEPH B. BISHOP.

Newbury, N. H.,

August 30, 1901.

MY DEAR BISHOP:

I thank you for your kind letter. I have received many like it—and have answered very few. I think of little else, when I am not at work, and even when I am busy, his genial, powerful face, with its winning smile, is continually coming before me; his rich, mellow voice, and jolly laugh, is sounding in my ears. To think of all that splendid vitality—that abounding force—to which almost any achievement would have been easy,—extinguished at

dawn, and I, like Browning's waning moon, "going dispiritedly, glad to finish."

I could not get away from my post,—everybody agreed,—and for a little while longer I suppose I am as well there as anywhere. I have been working all summer—to good purpose—and shall have several important bits of work to submit to the Senate, if nothing adverse happens. But after that—no one can tell. One third, at least of the Senate, I fear, must always be dominated by the lower motives. I am not sanguine, though leading Senators assure me it will be all right this time. At least, my course was clear. I had to try again to save us from a threatened dishonor. If I fail again, I shall know what my duty to myself requires.

HAY TO WHITELAW REID.

Newbury, N. H.,

August 31, 1901.

DEAR REID :

I received your letter last night. The address I had received and read in the morning—with a renewal of the constant admiration and surprise which are excited in me by the freshness and the zest which you bring to the discussion of these subjects, always new and always old, by the very fact of their permanent importance. I sometimes think that I have as much sense, in a way, as I ever had: but I cannot blind my eyes to the consciousness that I am stale, that I cannot care enough about things to write entertainingly about them. You on the contrary hold the note of your sensitive and ambitious youth as clear as *am ersten Tag*. The strain of prophetic enthusiasm with which this address winds up, made my heart beat quicker and “mine eyes dazzle.”

I do not know what is to become of me. I

have been to Washington twice since my desolation, and have worked hard for a fortnight each time; have cleared off my desk; have left things in good trim for awhile. But the work has no longer any charm. The meanness of men—the medium in which we must all work, grows more intolerably bitter. I can no longer take comfort in regarding the politicians as black beetles working out the law of their being. Their greed and malice worry me and break my rest. Moral integrity and a sense of humor will carry you a long way; but when your sense of humor fails—woe unto you! Mine, I fear, is on the wane. There can be few things in life funnier than sixteen Senators wrangling over a \$2000 Consulate. But it has ceased to be funny to me—and that is a bad symptom.

HAY TO LADY JEUNE.

Washington, D. C.,

September 14, 1901.

DEAR LADY JEUNE:

I have received your kind letter on a day when my personal grief is overwhelmed in a public sorrow. Only a few days ago I was talking with the President about my boy to whom he was much attached, having chosen him to be his private secretary just before he died. The President was one of the sweetest and gentlest natures I have ever known among public men. I can hear his voice and see his face as he said all the kind and consoling things a good heart could suggest. And now he too is gone and left the world far poorer by his absence.

I wonder how much of grief we can endure. It seems to me I am full to the brim. I see no chance of recovery—no return to the days when there seemed something worth while. Yet I feel no disgust of life itself,—only regret that so little is left, and so narrow a field of work remaining.

. . . . What a strange and tragic fate it has been of mine—to stand by the bier of three of my dearest friends, Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley, three of the gentlest of men, all risen to be head of the State, and all done to death by assassins.

I think you know Mr. Roosevelt, our new President. He is an old and intimate friend of mine; a young fellow of infinite dash and originality. He has gone to Canton to lay our dear McKinley to rest, and asked me to stay here on the avowed ground that, as I am the next heir to the Presidency, he did not want too many eggs in the same Pullman car. . . .

HAY TO ADAMS.

Washington, D. C.,
September 19, 1901.

Here we are in Washington again! My wife came down from New Hampshire to keep me straight and is going to take me back to New-

bury, Sunday—unless Hades breaks loose again before that day. . . .

I have acquired the funeral habit. I drove from the services at the Church of the Covenant to the house of C—— C——, to help bury him. Appendicitis. N—— is dying. I went to see him yesterday and he did not know me. The news from K—— is no better.

Ça vous amuse? La vie?

The President's death was all the more hideous that we were so sure of his recovery. R—— and I left Buffalo on Wednesday convinced that all was right. I had an arrangement with C—— that he was to send a wire the next day telling me if the Doctors would answer for the President's life. He sent it, and I wrote a circular to all our Embassies saying that recovery was assured. I thought it might stop the rain of inquiries from all over the world. After I had written it, the black cloud of foreboding, which is always just over my head, settled down and enveloped me, and I dared not send it. I spoke to A—— and he confirmed my fears. He distrusted the eighth day. So I waited—and the next day he was dying.

I have just received your letter from S——, and shuddered at the awful clairvoyance of your last phrase about T——'s luck.

Well, he is here in the saddle again. That is, he is in C——, and will have his first Cabinet meeting in the White House to-morrow. He came down from B—— Monday night—and in the station, without waiting an instant, told me I must stay with him,—that I could not decline, nor even consider. I saw of course it was best for him to start off that way, and so said I would stay, forever, of course, for it would be worse to say I would stay a while, than it would be to go out at once. I can still go at any moment he gets tired of me, or when I collapse.

He has made a splendid impression on public opinion. I have only seen two men who hinted at trouble ahead:—W—— and G——. They talked, separately, just alike; not precisely pessimistic but anxious. Though both of them like R—— and think he is all right. It is the situation that seems to them big with possibilities of change.

The collapse of the steel strike goes almost

unnoticed by the press. They are out of scare-heads.

Love, come home.

HAY TO HENRY WHITE.

Newbury, N. H.,

Oct. 1, 1901.

. . . . My mind is so confused with all sorts of troubles that I do not at this moment remember whether I have written to you in this last horrible fortnight. I must not talk about our personal griefs. Before the President was brought to Washington, the papers were filled with stories that I was to leave the Cabinet on account of disagreement with Roosevelt on foreign policy—that L—— was to be Secretary of State, and, if he declined, R——. E—— H——, M——, and G—— G——, all wired C—— to come home without losing an instant. He replied that he saw no reason to change his date of sailing. When the President arrived, he said to me in the station without a moment's

delay, that he wished me to stay with him, "not temporarily, but as long as I shall be here;"—and many other things, with such energy and feeling, that it was out of the question to refuse. I said I would stay as long as I could.

He took lunch with me the next two days, and I went over the principal questions of our foreign relations with great care, and found that he was heartily with me in everything. He was especially enthusiastic about our Canal Treaty, and will do his utmost to help it through the Senate.

I shall have a free hand, it is evident, as long as I stay, in matters of principle, but—it is also evident—I shall have no voice in appointments. The sordid "necessities of the situation" will control, as heretofore. H—— is to have R—— when M—— resigns. S—— is to go to P——, if P—— gives up. . . .

. . . . I am to go to New Haven on the 23d and receive the degree of LL. D. It is an anguish for me to go there, but it would seem surly for me to refuse so great an honor on so great an academic occasion—Yale's Bicentenary. I have asked them to excuse me from speaking.

I think the signs look favorable for business. H——, in an interview, says he will rush his Canal Bill through again. He says our Treaty is not necessary, as Clayton Bulwer has no validity, but adds that perhaps it may be as well to have the treaty to satisfy weak minds and uneasy consciences. Which, for H——, shows progress.

HAY TO WHITELOW REID.

Newbury, N. H.,
October 5, 1901.

DEAR REID:

. . . . I shall be packing my paperasses next week to go back to Washington after a summer of misery and disaster such as my life has never before experienced. I was sorry to get so fleeting a glimpse of you in Washington last month. It was a day of painful haste and worry, and when at last I sought you at your Hotel you were gone.

I do not know how long I can pull at my

oar. I have never been an old man before, and so cannot tell whether my aches and pains are of my personal diathesis, or are merely incidents of my age.

I must have a talk with S—— or F—— when I get back, to give them a pointer on our Treaty work this summer. It has been, so far as it has gone, very important and fruitful, and I think we are near the end. . . .

HAY TO JOHN R. CARTER.

Newbury, N. H.,

October 5, 1901.

MY DEAR CARTER :

. . . . This has been a year of many sorrows. Nearly all of us in the Cabinet are in private mourning, besides the general sorrow for the death of the President. He was one of the kindest and sweetest natures I ever met, and we all feel as if we had lost a brother.

The newspapers will have it that I am going

out—but I know of no such intention in my mind. I am old—older than my years—and tired and careworn. But the President seems to desire that I shall stay with him, and I shall willingly do so, as long as I can be of service. I cannot prophecy. . . .

HAY TO GILDER.

Newbury, N. H.,
October 10, 1901.

Many thanks, my dear Gilder, for your kind letter—though why one should be congratulated on the greatest of human calamities—becoming 63—it is hard to see. But it is the intention that counts, and so I thank you.

HAY TO ADAMS.

Newbury, N. H.,

October 13, 1901.

Our trunks stand corded in the halls. I have packed up my bursting envelopes full of the summer's wasted labors. I have spent all my money for railway tickets, and to-morrow we pull our freight for Washington. H—— and my wife go to Cleveland, in unavailing piety, to deck D——'s grave on his birthday. A—— goes down to the "melancholy little house we built to be so gay in" to keep me company.

C——, I fancy, is arriving just now in New York. We annexed him to the Embassy in London, so that if he kicks at the Treaty this winter he will be kicking his own shins. I wait till I see you to tell you some very funny things. It is a dull business to get to be so old as you and I are. We get so detached—we see things from the outside. Upon my Ehrenwort, I cannot care even for the things that most

directly concern myself. I care as little for a puff as for a calumny.

I am sorry to learn from your letter received last night that you are headed southward instead of to the west. But I think you are right. Come to Washington by all means if you are an altruist, and we will bore you for the general good. But stay away if you want to be amused. T—— said the other day: "I am not going to be the slave of the tradition that forbids Presidents from seeing their friends. I am going to dine with you and H—— A—— and C—— whenever I like. But" (here the shadow of the crown sobered him a little), "of course I must preserve the prerogative of the initiative."

HAY TO HENRY WHITE.

Newbury, N. H.,

Oct. 14, 1901.

MY DEAR H—— :

We leave here this afternoon for Washington via Boston. I am very sorry to go—the country is in its autumnal glory. My wife and H—— go to Cleveland to keep D——’s birthday at his grave. A—— goes with me to Washington.

I fancy I shall see Mr. C—— in a day or two. His last despatches have been very hopeful that Milords S—— and H—— will not tear up the Treaty, and that the stupid and vulgar shouts over “our triumph” in some of the papers will not induce the British Government to recede. It was very annoying to us, but it seems inevitable. If we keep negotiations secret from leading Senators, we incur their ill-will and opposition. If we tell them confidentially what we are doing and thus secure their coöperation—their vanity leads them to blab

everything to some newspaper, to show they are
“in it.”

. . . . It is amusing to see how enthusiastic
the President is in favor of the Treaty. . . .

HAY TO ADAMS.

Washington, D. C.,
October 21, 1901.

My gay wanderer, I have received a letter from K——’s Los Angeles Doctor and another from his P—— man. The Los Angeles report is not encouraging;—while the malady does not seem to be making much progress he was no better when he left there. His cough was severe and he had a recrudescence of fever every evening. The P—— report is a little better. The temperature is not bad—about 100°—though the pulse is still too rapid. His digestion is good and his appetite fair. Both spoke of him as in good spirits.

Both letters showed that his charm had not

left him. The P—— man speaks of him as the most delightful creature he has ever met, and the other calls him “a rare, sweet soul.”

When you think of his unavailing fight for life, and reflect that C—— and B—— M—— and a lot of peers and prigs are permitted to be well and happy, you must admit that you and the Pope and other infallible powers have a queer taste in fates.

As for me, I am living and keeping up, as much out of spite as anything else. The Xanthus press so constantly represents me as moribund and about to be kicked out of the Cabinet, that I cannot make up my mind to oblige them.

People are gradually coming back. Mrs. B—— and H—— were in church this morning. It is wonderful how small people become towards the end. It is only a little while ago that Mrs. B—— was a large and imposing person. She has grown pathetically small and gentle.

Poor Mrs. R—— has grown gray this summer. R——’s doctors say he ought to stop work for six months—but he won’t. None of us are worth the powder it would take to kill

us. I can match your *quantula sapientia* with a *quantula sanitate*. I was more horrified than surprised to learn from the autopsy of the President that he was dying of old age, at 58, if he had not been shot.

Write me when you can. Your cheery prophecies of woe and cataclysm are full of comfort and joy to me. "If it be not fair for me, what care I how black it be!" These are the sentiments of a scholar and a gentleman, who has had a better time all his life than he deserved, and now whines because it is over. Which he is yours truly.

HAY TO CLARENCE KING.

Washington, D. C.,

Oct. 27, 1901.

MY DEAR KING :

. . . . I wrote to Dr. B—— the other day to inquire about you, and he gives a good account of you. I wish you would hurry your conva-

lescence a little, for we find it hard getting along without you.

. . . . Lord P—— sailed for this side yesterday bringing with him the British assent to my new Canal Treaty. I have got everything I asked for, after a whole summer of good-natured negotiation. C—— has been able and helpful, and H—— W——, as usual, has been worth his weight in platinum.

The new President and the old Cabinet are getting on very comfortably. He has plenty of brains, and as you know, a heart of gold.

I wish you might have been at Yale last Wednesday. It was a splendid and most impressive sight. They were all very good to me, and I had the first day of comfort I have known for ever so long—but always there was the undertone of grief and regret. . . .

HAY TO HOMER P. CLARK.

Department of State,
Washington, Nov. 22, 1901.

MY DEAR SIR:

As the result of my observations for many years I should say that it is most desirable for a young lawyer beginning practice to take a wholesome interest in the political life about him. Studying political questions and talking about them on proper occasions could hardly fail to be a benefit to him, but holding political office or being a candidate for it is almost always a mistake, success being perhaps more ruinous than failure. The practice of the law will involve no divided allegiance, and although one lawyer in a thousand who makes politics a career may succeed, the vast majority reap nothing but heart-break and disappointment from such a course.

Yours very truly.

HAY TO MRS. P—— W——.

Department of State,
Washington, Jan. 5, 1902.

MY DARLING H—— :

I was glad to get your letter this morning.

I sent the Keats because I had enjoyed it myself for several months, and knew that you and P—— would also like it, and it is a great comfort at Christmas time to know the things you are sending away will be welcome. I would rather you should have it than I.

I am distressed to hear of P——'s continuing colds, but young people of the present day never take care of themselves. In my time we used to, and that is the reason we live to be 96 and 104.

The F—— Street Theatre wrote me offering a box for to-night. I have turned it over to C——, who is keen to go, and if anybody else in the house is well enough, I hope they will go with him.

About the marble, I hardly think we have

any in the house that exactly answers to your description. In the dining room there is a Royal Irish of Galway, which is an emerald green. In the parlor there is a pink marble called by the poetical name of Aurora Pompadour. I thought the name itself was inappropriate for an African marble, and suggested calling it Cleopatra's Blush; but, as Mr. E—— gallantly said she never had anything to blush for, we changed the name to Sunrise on Dido. The hearth of the parlor fireplace is, you will remember, Mexican onyx. I have forgotten the name of the hall fireplace; that is a pink tinge, you remember. In the library the fireplace is yellow, and the hearth is a reddish porphyry. The name they called it was, I think, Bois   d'Orient.

HAY TO GILDER.

Department of State,
Washington, March 1, 1902.

MY DEAR GILDER :

I thank you for your kind letter of the 28th of February.

If you knew what an instrument of torture the pen is to me you would not ask me to take it in hand again. It is absolutely out of the question that I should write anything more about McK—— than I have already said ; and as to autobiography, I am inclined to think that my life is an ought-not-to-biography. I have already most thoughtlessly said to half a dozen publishers that if I ever wrote it, I would give it to them, and I suppose that estops me from ever writing it.

PERSONAL TO UNKNOWN.

Department of State,
Washington, April 7, 1902.

MY DEAR SIR :

I have received your letter of the 4th of April. There ought not to be any doubt in any intelligent mind of the position of this Government. It can show no partiality in case of any foreign war, between the combatants. Its sympathies and interests are all with the people of the United States. It is governed by the Statutes of the United States and the laws of nations, and, within the limits thus fixed, it works for the interests of American farmers, American manufacturers, and American merchants. It seeks in every proper way, to extend the market for their goods and their products all over the world.

They have a perfect right to deal with everybody, whether belligerents or not. We should be glad to see our people furnish remounts to every army in the world, to feed and clothe

them and to supply them with everything they need. This policy was inaugurated under the administration of Washington and has been adhered to for more than a century. In 1812 it was even adhered to at the cost of war.

Yours faithfully.

HAY TO MRS. P—— W——.

Department of State,
Washington, April 24, 1902.

MY DEAR H—— :

Your mother, walking in the streets yesterday afternoon in New York, heard boys crying out: "Terrible Disaster to the *D*——." She bought a copy of the paper, and, more dead than alive, read a sensational account of the accident to your good ship. She telegraphed the dreadful news to me, and I received her despatch while I was reading a more rational account of the trouble in the *S*——. A—— and I had a solitary dinner, not much disturbed by

what you had gone through, and coming out from the dining room received your cheery despatch from Plymouth, which I at once transmitted to your mother. I hope it gained her a good night's sleep.

I send you an account of the accident to P——'s auto in New York. Other papers have glaring headlines calling it the "Yellow Ghost." I did not know before that it rejoiced in so spectral a name. I hope there is not a permanent *guignon* against your means of transportation all over the world.

We are expecting your mother to-morrow night, and A—— is up to her eyes in wall papers. She has some fifteen different papers for her hall, and she cannot make up her mind whether she prefers pink butterflies interspersed with roses, or tropical vegetation with mountains in the background, but J—— will be here to-morrow, and will doubtless cut all sorts of Gordian knots.

We have had two or three days of fearfully hot weather, but this morning the air and the sky are perfect. Uncle H—— is looking forward to the pleasure of meeting you soon in Paris. He sails on the 7th of May. I try to

keep the life in his frail and perishing body by walking him to death every afternoon, and A—— has succeeded in giving him a cup of tea weak enough to suit his condition, by the simple expedient of keeping the tea ball out of the cup entirely.

Love to P——. We are looking forward to the first week in August. It is a long time but maybe it will pass.

Pardon me for using the typewriter. I was so busy with ten Ambassadors and Ministers that I could not write with my own hand.

Poor Lord P—— has been very poorly for a week, but to-day he is better and they hope will recover.

C—— ran away from school last week and passed Sunday at The Fells. I fancy he wanted to look after his spring planting.

Love to both of you from A—— and me.

HAY TO BROOKS ADAMS.

Washington, May 28, 1902.

DEAR BROOKS ADAMS:

I thank you with all my heart for your kind words. They are too amiable—but that is what friends are for.

I should be glad if nothing else were ever written of me, and if, when I die, some of your words were to be said over my grave.

HAY TO ADAMS.

Department of State,
Washington, July 11, 1902.

. . . . Washington is a delightful summer resort this year. It is as quiet as Karnak and as cool as B——. We have had a fortnight of 100° temperature—but that don't bother Lafayette Square—and it is heavenly to think there is not a soul in town. . . .

I had a halcyon and vociferous time at Cambridge. I had been sick for a week and couldn't walk but a rod at a time, but the Providence that watches over the idiotic was good to me, and I got through the twin terrors of Sanders' Theatre and Memorial Hall very well. T—— made one of the most striking speeches I ever heard. It was devoted to a passionate defense of R——, W—— and T——. He captured a hostile audience and made it yell. C—— was not there. He was taking in a hood at Yale.

HAY TO ARTHUR BALFOUR.

Newbury, N. H.,

July 29, 1902.

MY DEAR BALFOUR:

I presume I am the last person in the civilized world to congratulate you on your accession to the most important official post known to modern history. If there might be a grain of doubt about wishing you joy of a place of such

infinite labor and care—there can be none in felicitating you on the universal chorus of admiration and good will which hails your entry upon supreme power. To be the occasion of such a demonstration—if it were only once in a lifetime—shows a life worth the living and worthily lived. But after all it is Lord Salisbury to whom the truest congratulations should go—to him who putteth off the armor—after a fight full of glory to himself and of use to his country and the world. Rest and freedom, in the light of an enduring and righteous fame is the highest and best thing that life can give.

You will have it,—a long day hence, and meantime, I am,

Faithfully yours.

HAY TO H. CABOT LODGE.

Newbury, N. H.,
August 20, 1902.

DEAR LODGE:

The President is coming to pass the night at my shanty on the 28th. The papers say you are to be with him. If so, I need not say what pleasure it will give Mrs. H—— and me to have you come to us.

Our infant, A——, is to be married to J—— W—— on the 30th of September. It would be something of a chore for you and Mrs. L—— to come,—but if you have no disabling engagement we would be glad to see you among our very small party. Talk it over with Mrs. L—— and see if you cannot make the effort. You will find

“The air that blows from our Apennines
A good thing for your slender youth.”

Mrs. H—— dictates this letter and hopes you will come.

Oom Hendrik writes from I—— that what-

ever is, is wrong. He and D—— and the Allerschonste are all in bed with various bruises and strains.

HAY TO ADAMS.

Washington, D. C.,
October 19, 1902.

. . . . Look at this paper! This is the first sign I have seen of an awakened conscience in your family. General Adams in a penance shirt holding a candle to Thomas Jefferson is a sight which Kings and Prophets have waited for. Will he burn your book in Lafayette Square?

I shall never need you more than I do now. Think of me! My daughters run away, C—— at school; Mrs. H—— at G—— and L—— I——, looking with all her mother-bird heart at the nests of the little ones, and I all alone here. I see T—— from time to time, but the strike has so obsessed him, he has been able to think of nothing else. And now, *Oh nimium*

fortunatus, he has touched the button at the psychologic moment, and won an enormous personal success.

The H——s are here, and the President came over the other night, under cover of the darkness, and dined at my house with them. And there is not a word of it in the papers. I put my Spanish butler on his Castilian honor—and we beat the reporters. T—— was in fine form, He began talking at the oysters, and the *pousse-cafe* found him still at it. When he was one of us, we could sit on him—but who, except you, can sit on a Kaiser? Come home and do it or we are undone. We shall lose discourse of reason through disuse.

Have you read H—— J——'s *The Wings of the Dove*? It is sinfully good; as good as anything. Of course one must know one's alphabet and pay attention, but there are things in it of the first *bric-à-brac*. The little touches in the Venetian chapters are worth all they cost. It is the only thing I have read for a year, that's why I mention it.

I think I wrote you about the wedding. It was pretty, though for me it had the melancholy of the falling year. St. G——, C——, W——

R——, D—— D—— and H—— W—— were there—and a houseful of boys and girls.

There seems a prospect of a laborious winter, with lots of rows and rubbish.

HAY TO MRS. P—— W——.

October 20, 1902.

MY DEAREST H—— :

Somebody wants you to come to a wedding.
Here is a text for youalls that ride in bubbles.

DEVIL-WAGONS FORETOLD IN THE BIBLE.

From the *Boston Evening Transcript*.

The much desired sermon on automobile racing against time in the streets need not fail us for lack of a text. In Nahum, the second chapter and the fourth verse, we read :

“The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle against each other in the broad ways ; they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings.”

I am lonesome. I wish youalls was here. It would be a comfort to think I am to see you next week, but I lack constructive imagination.

I can't really believe that anything pleasant is ever to happen again.

Have you read *The Wings of the Dove*? It is a stiff bit of work for eyes which are not strong. But it is the worst-while thing I have seen for many a day. The little touches in the Venice part are so good. I can almost taste them. H—— J—— is all right. He did *The Sacred Fount* just to scare us. This is the old manner again.

HAY TO ADAMS.

Washington, Nov. 23, 1902.

MY DEAR ADAMS:

Your learned and estimable letter of the 10th had reached me and given me much comfort. Your brother B—— is next door, and is good enough with his charming and accomplished wife, to come to tea, and bring us news from the world of advanced thought. Your brother C—— is looking for a house and can find none

large enough. . . . L—— A——'s vast palace is taking shape as to its foundations. W—— has so nearly finished his stately pleasure-dome—which is as obtrusively opulent as you prophesied,—that he is thinking of being Senator from C——. And I—Heaven help me!—am still digging a hole on Connecticut Avenue which will not only engulf all my having, but is big enough for the grave of our liberties, which your Boston friends think as dead as Lazarus.

All the Cabinet but me went with the President to Philadelphia to dinner yesterday, and T—— made a good speech. The air is full of unfounded rumors of a break up of the Cabinet. I might have gone out before this if you had not told me I would be kicked out before Christmas. I have been waiting for T—— to “tirer le premier” in some curiosity because your prophecy impressed me, as the words of the mad always do. But as yet he has given no sign, and none of us seems to have had the initiative required.

But it is good news that you will be here next month.

Hasta entonces.

HAY TO HENRY WHITE.

New York.

November 28, 1902.

MY DEAR H—— :

Your kind telegram arrived last night, just after the terrapin; when we were all in a happy and receptive mood; and was received with the same affectionate spirit that prompted your sending it. We all send our love to Mrs. W——, and wish you many happy years.

H—— seems in excellent condition, and Mrs. H—— is full of hypothetical plans which I gravely fear, forbode for me a good deal of solitude for the coming winter. But the American husband is *dressé* to self-sacrifice, and it is doubtless good for him.

Congress begins work on the 1st, and I anticipate a series of defeats for the State Department. Mr. C—— is staunch and resolute—says he will force the treaties to a vote. But the result seems reasonably certain,—nothing will pass that anyone is opposed to. C—— tells me it breaks his heart to fight me, but

G—— is scared, and he will have to smash the N—— Treaty.

We seem to be making progress in the C—— Treaty since we sent B—— to H——. But C—— is as slippery as an eel. I cannot believe they want the negotiations to fail, but they act as no reasonable creatures would act, except on that supposition. I have stopped talking with C—— for the moment, to see what a period of silence and *recueillement* may operate in his so-called mind. The press have taken up the matter and are rabid against C——, and getting quite friendly again to N——. I hope C—— reads them.

Happily I don't care a hoot what the Senate does. I am not personally engaged in any of the treaties now pending, though they are all good things for us, and ought to pass.

You evidently had a jolly dinner last night, and Mr. C—— made a splendid speech—as usual.

HAY TO C—— S—— H——.

January 24, 1903.

Yesterday was another memorable day in the family history. At five o'clock in the library of our house I signed with Sir M—— H—— a treaty for the appointment of a tribunal to determine the Alaska Boundary questions. It is substantially the same treaty which we proposed three years ago, and which was rejected by England and Canada, Lord H—— and Sir W—— L—— breaking up the Joint High Commission on that issue. Lord P—— thought our proposition reasonable and tried for two years to induce his government to accept it, but was never able to accomplish it; R—— at first was not very keen about it, but after a while he came to agree with me, and gradually I got L——, C—— and all the others of the Foreign Relations Committee to see it as I did. Then came M—— H——, who wanted to do something important to signalize his promotion and I took it up with him. C—— kicked a while but finally consented and last night the work

was done. It will go to the Senate Monday morning, with, I think, a fair chance of passing.

F—— had such a good time at the K——s last night. The flower decoration was exquisitely beautiful, orchids and lilies of the valley—kept low Mrs. K—— said, “so that the President could see everybody.” The effect was not only pretty but very lively. The President talked like a steam engine, and he and K—— and P—— and S—— yelled and screamed at each other in fine style—which delighted F—— who expected a dull and grave function and was correspondingly amused. We went this morning to the Church of the Covenant. Dr. van Dyke preached a very spirited sermon to a house filled in every cranny in spite of the snow and slush which made the streets horrid for walking. Mrs. R—— was said to be there but I did not see her. The President had a séance with Chartran and so did not come to see me. We got back from the K——’s at 11:45 and I went straight to bed. Before I got to sleep, however, B—— came. I felt SURE when the bell rang—and told me his day’s work among the Ambassadors. He and his wife are coming

to lunch, so I must hurry. The cat is on my desk playing with my pen as I write.

HAY TO HENRY JAMES.

Department of State,
Washington, January 30, 1903.

MY DEAR JAMES :

Here is an extract from a letter I have just received E—— O. W——, formerly Senator from C—— :—

“You have forgotten it, but you did me one remarkably good turn. I said one evening that I had never read H—— J——. You told me what I had missed and gave me the titles of some of his books you preferred. I never opened a page of his until November, when our contest began. Every day, all day and far into every night, every hour was given to the politicians, and it meant much nervous strain and endless tobacco. But when I did finish my work at night, I took up his

stories one after another, and my cares and troubles fell away, for I could forget them all and I have lived in other worlds, he is so subtle and so intimate. If you ever write him, tell him the very great pleasure and the satisfying hours he has given to a defeated politician in the Rocky Mountains."

W—— is a man of whom I am particularly fond and whom I greatly admire, and I thought it might be agreeable to you to know what comfort you had been to him in trying hours.

I had a delightful letter from you the other day, but have not time at this moment to answer adequately.

HAY TO MRS. P—— W——.

800 Sixteenth Street,
Lafayette Square,
February 27, 1903.

MY DARLING H—— :

As I have no letter to write to your Mother this morning I will write a word to you. Mr. Sargent finished my portrait yesterday after-

noon, signed and dated it. He wants it to exhibit in Boston but it will be back here by the time you come. I am curious to see how it will strike you. I think it is very good. It was an odd thought that the most of my reputation in after years will depend on this picture. He is a wonderful fellow—it was extremely interesting to watch him work. He is awfully nervous—with the nervousness of tremendous strength and size, rather than weakness. He stands away off from his picture looking you through and through—then jumps at the canvas and whacks it right and left with his brush. He was painting Gen'l W—— at the same time—worked mornings on him and afternoons at me. He painted him all out one day—and then working like a demon, finished the head in one day. He painted me straight ahead with no change, and then, after resting two days, improved it very much in an hour's furious work.

I wish we could catch him and make him paint you. He said he would be coming here again in a year or so.

Uncle H—— is very funny about it. I think he likes it but he would die before he

would say so. Just to make me howl with rage, he says it looks like Senator H——.

At tea yesterday the L—— G——s came in. She is looking well and pretty and is anticipating much fun and edification in Japan. L—— looks rather delicate, but much improved by the last year or two. They both sent messages to you: Mrs. hopes to see you in New York in a fortnight.

HAY TO MRS. P—— W——.

Thomasville, Georgia,

March 13, 1903.

MY DEAREST H——:

I have not a word to say, but I must write you a letter from Greenwood just for luck. The days are all alike. The mocking birds sing, the jasmines embalm the air, we sit on the verandah and talk about you and P—— and the Baby—once a day the Colonel and I talk, I meant take, but let it go at talk, a stroll on our ponies through the woods and that is

all. It is the dreamiest castle of indolence I ever saw. The Colonel adores it and passes his days planning little improvements and embellishments of his roads and plantation—always winding up with “It will be pleasant for the children one of these days.”

The daily despatch and letter from Washington shows that things are going on regularly and peacefully. The Sultan seems to be yielding to the gentle pressure I have been putting on him for a year. Mr. M—— is gradually talking himself out. The Cuban Senate has ratified our treaty, and I hope ours will be decent enough to do the same.

So there is a prospect of a *trêve de Dieu* by the time you get to Washington, which will leave our minds tranquil for the Eternal Adoration of the Baby. She must be growing quite a young lady.

There, our ponies are at the door.

HAY TO HENRY WHITE.

Department of State,
Washington, May 22, 1903.

MY DEAR H——:

I have your letter of the 13th of May, and have read it with great interest. Our people have been at work on the British Case for the last week, and seem to be in very good spirits over the matter. On the important points of the *lisière*, and of occupation, they seem to have no trouble whatever in their own minds. Everything now depends on whether Lord A——goes on the Bench with an imperative mandate or not. If he goes there with an open mind, we consider our case as won.

I have not seen C—— for several days. He is in a great state of nervous agitation and depression on account of,—first, the M—— matter; and, now, the K—— massacres. He has been talking very indiscreetly for publication, and in most savage attacks emanating from the unhappy and persecuted Jews.

The M—— matter is far more delicate and more troublesome. R—— as you know, has given us the most positive assurances that the famous Convention of seven points never existed. We have a verbatim copy of it as it was presented, with preamble and appendix, by Mons. P—— to the Chinese Government. If they choose to disavow P—— and to discontinue their attempts to violate their agreements, we shall be all right; but if the lie they have told was intended to serve only for a week or two, the situation will become a serious one. The C——s as well as the R——s seem to know that the strength of our position is entirely moral, and if the R——s are convinced that we will not fight for M——, —and I suppose we will not, —and the C——s are convinced that they have nothing but good to expect from us, and nothing but a beating from R——, the open hand will not be so convincing to the poor C——s as the raised club. Still we must do the best we can with the means at our disposition. . . .

HAY TO T—— R——.

Washington, July 13, 1903.

DEAR THEODORE :

I thank you a thousand times for your kind and generous letter of the 11th. It is a comfort to work for a President who besides being a lot of other things, happened to be born a gentleman.

There was a host of matters I wanted to talk about, but the Senators and O—— took all our time. One is this:—I hope you will not send R—— away to the P—— in case of a vacancy there. He is perfectly loyal to you, and will go where you send him without a kick. But he is so rare a product that he ought to be used where he can be most valuable. He is of great service where he is—I would miss him enormously. Of course if you saw a chance to send him to P—— nothing ought to stand in the way of that. But there are other men who would do as well as he in the P——, and he would rather stay where he is, and wait his

chances in the diplomatic service, where he would be "one man picked out of ten thousand."

I have wired B—— to let C—— understand that their strike for more money would probably be rejected by the Senate, and that any amendment or delay would gravely imperil the Treaty.

I see no reason why I should not get away next Friday for Newbury.

HAY TO MRS. P—— W——.

New York, Aug. 28, 1903.

MY DARLING H——:

I have a minute before my train starts for Washington to say Hello. I was intending to go *via* Boston to-day but His Excellency switched me off to Oyster Bay. What a day I have had! It has poured a steady torrent all last night and all to-day. The only mitigation of the miserable day has been that I found the President entirely alone and had three hours of

uninterrupted talk with him. If it had not been pouring, the President would have fled from me to the woods with his axe on his strenuous shoulder.

He is the picture of health and good spirits, but he is—as the noble red man would call him—“Young Man Afraid of his waistband.” He can’t get time to take enough violent exercise to keep him *svelte*.

I can’t help dreading Washington a little. We have had a wonderful August at the Fells. Most nights have been 50° and most mornings about 60°. And the daily *S*—— tells us it has generally been 95° to 96° at Washington. But one can stand anything for a week or so with the prospect at the end of seeing Miss J—— W—— and her charming Mamma.

To-day at lunch something was said of Evelyn Wadsworth, and the silent K—— growled “I thought her name was Joan.”

I hear bad news of the grouse in Scotland. I hope the Colonel may be luckier than the others.

Give my love to P—— and my heartfelt homage to Mamselchen.

Yours affectionately.

HAY TO ADAMS.

Washington, Sept. 2, 1903.

It is many moons since I have written to you, O Mirror of Excellence and uncle to the Cosmos! But why should I write? If I praise my fellow-creatures I will only excite your scorn, and if I treat them as blackbeetles, you will have known all that before. I write all the same to say your image still brightens my thoughts, and your memory is as the stars over Horeb, and that I pine for words of wisdom from you as the Bar^t thirsts for the cup.

It is a fearsome thing to get a letter post-marked Washington in September. I was so content in New Hampshire that I began to suffer from my hypertrophied conscience, and thought I would sneak down here and work a week to justify my salary. But *the President* asked me to Oyster Bay, and as it was a day of storm, no one else was there, and we had four hours talk, and now I am in trouble till I clear off a cluttered desk. I already see patches

of blue cloth through the *paperasses*, and hope to get back to Newbury next week.

I have had a tranquil month there, Mrs. H—— and I being alone the greater part of the time. H—— W—— and her baby arrived there to-day. At the end of the month Mrs. H—— and I are going for a few days to see A—— and J—— on their farm in the Valley, and then we come back here for a winter which promises to be unusually nasty. There will be C—— and C—— and E—— Currency, and the I—— C—— and the F—— E—— and A—— and an ill-cooked menu of horrors and poisons such as ought to content even you who find your chief joy in despising your fellow worms.

C—— will have told you all the news. T—— says he is low in his mind and anticipates defeat in L——.

We are all ruined by the collapse of the boom. Don't come home, or we shall ask you for the loan of a fiver as soon as you land.

Nevertheless, Health and Fraternity.

HAY TO SAINT-GAUDENS.

Newbury, N. H.,
September 30, 1903.

MY DEAR SAINT-GAUDENS :

I send you by express to-day the cast of your Stevenson monument which you have so munificently replaced by one of bronze, which is now the proudest possession of Mrs. W——.

I have been worried by cares of one sort and another this summer that I have been baffled in my desire to see you. If I live another year I will have a try. I wonder if you could make anything of so philistine and insignificant a head as mine. You succeed with all sorts and conditions of folks, but to tell the truth I do not recall any proposition you have ever tackled so unpromising as mine. I lack profile, size, and every other requisite of sculpture—but I have been an unusual length of time in office and I fear that, after I am dead, if not before, some blacksmith will try to bust me.

Turn it over a little in your mind.

I join my thanks to my daughter's for your generous kindness—which will make an heirloom in their house forever—and with Mrs. H——'s cordial regards to Mrs. Saint-G——, I am always,

Faithfully yours.

HAY TO MRS. P—— W——.

Department of State,
Washington, Oct. 9, 1903.

MY DARLING H——:

Here is a letter which has a formidably businesslike aspect. You had better tell them your permanent address for such purposes.

I had a nice little visit at Hampton. The house is very pretty and the farm most attractive. The drive to the High Banks was delightful—did you make it? The baby was very sweet and happy.

I got here on the 7th and waited with some

little anxiety to see if the powers of evil would trip up my Chinese treaty at the last moment—but bright and early on my birthday morning a cable arrived saying that it had been signed. So that clinches the work of the year. There will be plenty of trouble in future, but that particular trouble is at an end.

HAY TO ADAMS.

October 12, 1903.

.... As to you, your disorderly and sensual dallying with Louis XV furniture is becoming a world-scandal. Letters from London arrived to-day giving full details. What are you going to do with all these objects? Bring them over here and give them to L—— A—— for his palace which grows more Palladian every hour.

I am plumb-broke: so is everyone I know. I had hoped that prosperity would last until I got out of office and you into the Hat. But K—— and Erebus have been too much for me,

and the once fair fabric of our ill-gotten wealth is in ruins.

. . . . It rains British Aristocracy here. You can't throw a stone at a dog without hitting an Earl.

Come home and read the Riot Act.

HAY TO MRS. P—— W——.

Department of State,
Washington, Oct. 19, 1903.

MY DARLING H—— :

I have received the photographs and your letter and am more grateful than tongue can tell. Dear little Joan's pictures are the cunningest thing imaginable; the smiling one is as sweet as *rahot lakoom*, and the laugh-out-loud one is perfectly fascinating. Usually so broad a laugh is a painful grimace in a picture. But this is delightful.

I showed them to N—— and J—— yester-

day when they came to lunch, to their great admiration.

Sir Ian H—— came rattling in on me the other day. He is a gay and gallant creature who spoke very lovingly of our dear D——. He was in a great hurry and could not even stay to lunch. He has been hounded by hospitality and says he cannot deliver all his letters of introduction. He said he had letters to the richest, the prettiest, and the cleverest women in New York. Mrs. J—— A——, Mrs. W——, and I forget the rich one, which he will have to send by mail.

To-day, if the prospect holds good, we shall get a verdict in the Alaska case. If so, it will be one of the greatest transactions of my life. It will justify a plan which I adopted and carried through against the misgivings of everybody, and the result will prove that I was right in relying upon the honor and conscience of an English Judge.

Love to P—— and that sweet baby.

HAY TO ADAMS.

Department of State,
Washington, Nov. 11, 1903.

MY DEAR ADAMS:

Here is a letter which I think you may read and throw into your waste paper basket. A man at your time of life has no memory left. I suppose you know nothing about this transaction. Your malignant hatred to me has been satiated by unloading your property upon me, which the Government has confiscated at about a quarter of what it has cost me; and now a still lower depth of depravity, hitherto unsuspected in your nature, is revealed by the fact that you had no title to it. I write this letter, however, solely for the acquittal of my conscience, and neither expect nor desire an answer.

Come home as soon as you can. We are lonely without you, and I hope to get you into the penitentiary this winter for this and other crimes.

HAY TO SIR G. O. TREVELYAN.

800 Sixteenth Street,
Washington, Nov. 15, 1903.

MY DEAR TREVELYAN :

I have received from your publishers the two volumes of the Second Part of your *History of the Revolution* which you were so kind as to send me, and I hasten to express my sincere thanks for this valuable gift, and for your amiable remembrance of me.

I had an hour or two of unusual leisure to-day, and I have greatly enjoyed as much of your book as I could read in that time. I shall take it to the country with me on my next holiday, and anticipate much pleasure from a thorough perusal of it. You are a born historian—with all the qualities of the art; unwearied industry in getting the facts, perfect order and method in arranging them; a clear, limpid and delightful style,—and—rarest of all,—a candor and fairness in appreciation nothing less than cosmopolitan. I have sometimes wished you had not retired from your position of party leader-

ship, but a book like this makes splendid amends, for this and future generations.

As for me, like the Thane of Cawder, "I am chained to the stake and bear-like must fight my course." I am tired of the sordid wrangles I live among—even to the marrow of my bones; but at present there seems no way out; and in truth I have been wonderfully favored by fortune. Almost everything I set out to do five years ago, is done, and I ought to be thankful.

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HAY TO MRS. P—— W——.

Department of State,
Washington, Nov. 19, 1903.

MY DARLING H——:

Here is a very neat billet. The Contessa has got a nice name and a pleasant sounding castle in the Apennines. Think how narrowly the same romantic fate missed you in Venice.

As for your poor, old dad, they are working him nights and Sundays. I have never, I think,

been so constantly and anxiously employed as during the last fortnight. Yesterday morning the negotiations with Panama were far from complete. But by putting on all steam, getting R—— and K—— and S—— together at lunch, I went over my project line by line, and fought out every section of it: adopted a few good suggestions: hurried back to the Department, set everybody at work drawing up final drafts—sent for V——, went over the whole treaty with him, explained all the changes, got his consent and at seven o'clock signed the momentous document in the little blue drawing room, out of Abraham Lincoln's inkstand, with C——'s pen. V—— had no seal, so he used one of mine. (Did I ever tell you I sealed the Hay-Herbert Treaty with Lord Byron's ring, having nothing else in the house?)

So that great job is ended—at least this stage of it. I have nothing else; will come up before Thanksgiving.

HAY TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

Department of State,
Washington, Dec. 4, 1903.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

Can you receive Reyes to-morrow, Saturday? If so, at what hour? Permit me to observe, the sooner you see him, the sooner we can bid him good bye.

I have a complaint to make of R——. I told him I was going to see Reyes. He replied, "Better look out! Ex-Reyes are dangerous."

Do you think that, on my salary, I can afford to bear such things?

HAY TO JAMES FORD RHODES.

Department of State,
Washington, Dec. 8, 1903.

MY DEAR RHODES:

. . . . I thank you for breaking an occasional lance for us in the headquarters of mugwumpery.

When I think of how many mistakes I have made which have escaped notice, I ought not to be dissatisfied with being lambasted in an occasional case where I have done right. It is hard for me to understand how anyone can criticize our action in Panama on the grounds upon which it is ordinarily attacked. The matter came on us with amazing celerity. We had to decide on the instant whether we would take possession of the ends of the railroad and keep the traffic clear, or whether we would stand back and let those gentlemen cut each other's throats for an indefinite time, and destroy whatever remnant of our property and our interests we had there. I had no hesitation as to the proper course to take, and have had no doubt of the propriety of it since.

HAY TO HENRY ADAMS.

Washington, D. C.,
December 22, 1903.

I received in due time your letter in answer to the one I wrote you to set your infamy before your face in the matter of the garden. I take it for granted that serpents are incapable of remorse in regard to any thing that happens in a garden, and so I will not apologise for having disturbed your peace of mind in reference to the matter. In fact the Government was making so good a bargain out of me that when I thwarted all efforts on the part of my agents to give them a better title, they grabbed at what was offered them, and paid one wretched pittance to which they had reduced my righteous claim. If they ever want to rue their bargain they can do so and no thanks to them.

In fact, the faithlessness of the wicked often inures to the benefit of the righteous. You said you would be here before Christmas. I

knew you would not be, though I hoped you would, and now I am extremely glad you did not come, as I am a prisoner in my room with the worst of all my attacks of grippe, which has run into an obstinate and deep-seated bronchitis, and I could not walk you, or talk you, even if you were here.

Your brother B—— is next door, and seems to be so much better of his rheumatism that he has postponed from week to week his departure for H—— S——.

As for me, I know no news to tell you except that I am a poor critter, and that's no news.

HAY TO ADAMS.

Thomasville, Ga.,

February 1, 1904.

Son of the Universe and Lily of Boston, this is to notify you that you are to be ready with your gum shoes or your skis to walk with me to B—— C—— on the next Lord's Day at

four of the clock. I ought to tell you that I am far from satisfied with your management of the weather since I left it in your charge. Ten inches of snow on the level in Lafayette Square is not what I expected of you.

But I am thankful that you have waded through the drifts to keep Mrs. H—— company at tea; that will relieve you of some ages of purgatory.

As for me the weather has been like April with sun and showers. I have the appetite of an old and depraved shark to which the Colonel's cook has cynically administered. My waistband shrinks daily, but I can do my four or five miles per day through the piney woods.

The return to C—— and the Senate scares me blue, and you are my only antidote; wherefore fail me not.

Baby H—— of Touraine flourishes portentously; she has gained two teeth and eighteen ounces in weight since she arrived, and has completed her conquest of Col. P——.

Let me acquit your conscience by saying I leave here Friday night—so this requires no answer.

HAY TO THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

March 2, 1904.

DEAR THEODORE:

I am very sorry—but Congress has done its work so well that even Confucius could not be made an American—though he should seek it with prayers and tears.

HAY TO HENRY WHITE.

Department of State,
Washington, March 17, 1904.

. . . . I hardly know what will happen when our Consuls to M—— and A—— arrive. They will go to S—— and possibly P——, and decide as to the state of things existing at their Consulates. I see the R—— newspapers are in some trouble about the matter, but the men are sent there in pursuance of our Treaty with

C——, to which R—— gave her assent in advance, and they have no decent excuse for trying to keep them out, unless at the moment of their arrival, the two Consulates should be inside the military lines of one or the other party, in which case they would perhaps have a right to decide whether or not they wanted any Consuls there. It is utterly impossible for us to please the R——s, especially in the present circumstances. Every time they get a kick from J——, they begin to whine and whimper that it is our fault. We have been from the beginning absolutely and loyally neutral, showing no favor to either side, and shall continue in that course to the end. . . .

HAY TO T—— R——.

Department of State,
Washington, April 14, 1904.

DEAR THEODORE :

The Committee of the M—— delegation called yesterday morning and, with a look of cheerful expectation, asked me if you had spoken to me as you promised them. I said yes,—that you had dealt with me faithfully,—said I was a cumberer of the ground—likewise a bump on a log,—that the State Department was too great a place to be held by a dumb dog that would not bark;—to all of which I had assented, and had taken the matter under advisement. They tried to make it as easy for me as they could and, to clinch the matter, and make my acceptance certain, they said I could read my speech,—“Yes!” said another, with large magnanimity, “You can sit in a chair and read it if you like.” I have already agreed to go to St. L—— and speak on the 19th. I had

to do it or else stay away from the Fair altogether.

I have thus broken the promise made to myself for good and sufficient reasons which still seem to me good and sufficient. I have also broken the promise I made my wife, who, is witness of what such engagements cost. I have no natural appetite or sleep while the horror lasts, and I know perfectly well it is not worth while. Although I have lost all the creative rhetorical capacity I once had, I have not lost my faculty of criticism, and I can judge my own work and find it inadequate. When I read one of your speeches and the speeches of others, I see how completely I have lost the power of contact with actuality.

Of course there is in all this an element of personal indolence and a desire to shirk, but leaving that out, I am convinced that, if I am worth anything in the State Department, it is a waste of whatever I *am* worth, to go about the country making speeches.

HAY TO MRS. P—— W——.

St. Louis, May 15, 1904.

MY DARLING H——:

I wish you were here. The show is hardly finished yet, but it is already big enough to tire you to death in a week, and it fills you with despair at the start. Still, we managed to make a good start yesterday. I got through a dull official breakfast and assisted at the opening of the athletic games. Besides that we drove about for several hours and got the ensemble very well and the others did the Art Palace, and we all walked through the Government exhibit, too carefully tended by the officials, while the people were forced to stand back, and revenged themselves by saying I was a "pretty ordinary looking man for a Secretary of State." The papers are furious at me because I did not have a brass band to meet me at the station, and because we went to our rooms instead of having the hotel orchestra play "God save the King," the strains of which stirring anthem accompanied us to the elevator. But the climax

of our crimes was our declining to have Mrs. D—— M—— arrange a public reception for us on behalf of the Women of America.

The weather is deliciously cool. If it holds till Wednesday I shall treat your mother to a steamboat trip on the river. Every minute of our time is already provided for and I am glad of it, as it makes it impossible to consider any other invitations.

There comes Uncle H—— grumbling about breakfast, and I must close with love from all of us to all of you.

HAY TO HENRY WHITE.

Department of State,
Washington, July 9, 1904.

MY DEAR WHITE:

. . . . I have been to M—— and got back alive after a journey which was unusually and unexpectedly pleasant. We had a great meeting, some ten thousand people, in a beautiful grove, who listened with exemplary patience,

from noon till night, to the eloquence of yours truly, and F—— and C—— and a lot of others. I spoke an hour and a half, with perfect ease to myself, however the audience may have suffered.

The St. L—— Convention has nominated P—— and evidently squared B—— by rejecting his and H——'s money-plank. They have absolutely dodged or straddled all the important issues, and the net result is the nomination of which everybody was certain beforehand, and the two lamentable campaign speeches by W—— C—— C—— which afford a melancholy contrast to the two great speeches in which R—— and T—— have set forth the Republican programme.

HAY TO MRS. JAMES W. WADSWORTH.

Department of State,
Washington, July 13, 1904.

DEAR MRS. WADSWORTH:

I was shocked to discover to-day in a round-about way that I had never thanked you for your generous present of old Madeira several

weeks ago. The bottles repose in merited dignity in my wine cellar waiting for some event of sufficient importance to justify their decanting. I see nothing worthy of such a celebration, in the immediate future; perhaps the inauguration of R——; perhaps the wedding of E—— may prove the occasion. But I shall not worry or hurry about it. As long as they remain in my house they make it respectable, and I am very much ashamed of my apparent ingratitude.

My trip to M——, which I dreaded so, turned out to be very agreeable and not at all tiresome. D—— is a lovely neighborhood, and we had a great meeting at J—— and the weather was delightful. Mrs. H—— writes me glowing accounts of the enduring beauty and the increasing charm of your granddaughter and of the pleasure she had in her visit at your hospitable mansion. I am afraid she will find me and Newbury dull. I liked J——'s speech very much and congratulate you on the auspicious opening of his public life.

Yours faithfully.

HAY TO MRS. P—— W——.

Boston, Mass.

July 16, 1904.

MY DARLING H——:

The family have scattered in every direction like a drop of spilled mercury and left me alone till train time. We all seem to be pretty well except me and nothing is the matter with the old man except tire—to the marrow of my bones. I intend to have a regular debauch of rest when I get to the Fells for two weeks, and then I have to go to Washington again to meet His Excellency for a week. After that I come back for six weeks.

I got a letter from the French Embassy on the 14th (their 4th of July) saying “the dignity of Grand-Croix was conferred on me not only as Statesman and Scholar but in recognition of my efforts in behalf of the world’s peace.” I never noticed before that the “dignity” is masculine and the decoration itself feminine.

I have a nice letter from Mr. C—— about C——. He seems to think he will do well in

College in spite of his ragged examinations. He is certainly awfully clever in spots; like some of the rest of us. I am quite sure I could not pass the examinations now-a-days and yet I am—as above—*Homme d'État, lettres et Grand Croix*. But the best of all my titles is dad and grandad to the dearest kids in the world.

HAY TO MRS. P—— W——.

Newbury, N. H.,

July 30, 1904.

MY DARLING H—— :

Here is a letter from Deutschland which came this morning via Washington.

I spent a day at Cornish with the St.-G——s. It is a lovely country. St.-G——'s place is splendidly situated with a glorious view. The house is very pretty—a transmogrified farm house—and the new studio is of the purest Mediterranean with Pompeian walls and Parthenon figures and a pergola of grape vines.

How it must shiver in a New England Janu-

ary. My bust is finished and I think it a great success. It is rather too much of a likeness, but a remarkable piece of realism in modeling; altogether, a great peril escaped. Poor St.-G—— is far from well. I fear he is worse than he thinks.

N—— H—— has a beautiful house. It belonged to Miss Emma L——. You can hardly believe you are not on a hill outside of Florence somewhere. The atmosphere over there is of the most passionate Kensington. I was glad to get back to our easy-going barbarism.

HAY TO MRS. ST.-GAUDENS.

Newbury, N. H.,

July 31, 1904.

DEAR MRS. SAINT-GAUDENS:

I arrived at Newbury on time and found my wife and boy waiting me. They filled the drive home with full details of the assassination of poor de Plehve.

When I have a chance, I make Mrs. H——

unhappy by telling her how beautiful a place Cornish is, and how delightful a visit I had had. I shall always remember those two days of pleasure which I owe to your kind hospitality—the charming scenery, the beautiful exotic home which combines the attractiveness of the Mediterranean shore and the New England hills; and the clever and cheery talk I heard while there.

Give my affectionate regards to the dear Maestro; don't let him overwork. There is only one of him and he must not be wasted.

I go to Washington on Thursday. If it is too unendurable there, I shall think of Aspet and beguile fact with fancy.

HAY TO ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Newbury, N. H.,

August 3, 1904.

MY DEAR MR. CARNEGIE:

I was glad to get your letter of the 20th, and to learn that you and Mrs. C—— were “superbly well and happy.” You deserve it, and it is a comfort to see the moral harmony of the universe preserved thus in a few individual cases.

I cannot think there is so much difference as you appear to assume between your view and T——’s; certainly there is no variance between him and R—— and R——. They all agree in the desire to do our whole duty by the Philippines and to discharge ourselves of the heavy task of governing them as fast and as thoroughly as possible. If Mr. P—— is elected next fall, it will not be in his power to accomplish that desirable end one hour sooner than the Republicans will do it. The only difference between us and the opposition is that we, being responsible, must measure our words, and they can indulge

in the cheap luxury of unlimited declamation. You know what models of deportment are old maids' husbands and bachelors' children.

Did you see C—— F. A——'s speech in Boston a day or two ago? He announced his intention of voting for P—— and a Democratic Congress, for this reason, which stupefied his audience:—that the Democrats had shown themselves incapable of forming a sane and competent opposition; that such an opposition was necessary; and only the Republicans could form it. A Bedlam proposition; but on the whole the most logical one I have seen from that side.

I have an equally good one for wishing P—— success, but I cannot make it public,—that it will relieve me of a burden, as Arnold sang, “well-nigh not to be borne,” of which I am weary to the marrow of my bones.

HAY TO ADAMS.

Department of State,
Washington, Aug. 17, 1904.

MY DEAR ADAMS:

I do not suppose you ever saw Washington so empty as it is now of your little friends. In my solitary ride, day after day, I meet many entire blocks with every door barred up, and yet Washington was never more beautiful than it is at this moment, and the weather is as fine as it is anywhere else. There is nothing new to read, and so during the last week I have read almost the whole body of Molière's works; and I am almost inclined to say there are not a dozen men more in Paris who could do anything better.

Pardon the typewriter, but I was too busy, and too racked in my nerves to write a letter myself.

I am unhappy about St.-G——. I went over to C—— and spent a day with him. He seems gay and plucky enough in spirit, but

very far from well bodily. The trouble at the base of the spine has come on again, and gives him great pain. He has a beautiful place, an ideal sculptor's house, and shop, a combination of Greek, Gascon and Yankee. He spoke most affectionately of you and charged me to give you his love.

HAY TO AUGUSTUS ST.-GAUDENS.

Newbury, N. H.,

Sept. 1, 1904.

MY DEAR ST.-GAUDENS :

I enclose cheque. I am glad to get it out of my hands and into yours. Every little while some lunatic sues me for a million or two for not taking care of his interests *outré mer*. But I would rather he would do that than dynamite me.

I note your generous offer about the replicas. I shall want one or the other for myself. As to Uncle Sam he is a *vrai grippe-sou*, and gives for a portrait about as much as would serve for a *pourboire* to the artist's *concierge*. I am not

speaking of Congress. They usually give twenty thousand dollars, always with the proviso that it must be a hopeless daub by a deserving self-made artist who has spent at least a year in lobbying for it.

All this month has been delightful with a premature tang of autumn in it. I have missed the full enjoyment of it from a guiding sense that it is too rapidly passing away, and from the necessity of wasting from two to four hours a day on the Washington mail.

HAY TO SIR JOHN CLARK.

Newbury, N. H.,

September 7, 1904.

MY DEAR SIR J—— :

The frost on the pumpkins this morning shows that our summer is gone. It has been a season of very little repose for me. I got away from Washington rather late on account of many complications, and before I had been here long enough to take a long breath, the

Devil and his imps broke loose in various quarters of the world and I had to go back to Washington again. I shall stay here until the 3rd of October, when I go to Boston to preach a brief Eirenicon to the Peace Congress, and then to Washington for a strenuous autumn and winter.

Our daughter, A—— W——, has gone with her husband, who has just begun the political career which belongs to his name in New York, by being nominated to the Legislature—to the World's Fair at St. Louis, and has lent us for a few weeks her baby E——, a singularly pretty and amusing child before whom my wife and I spend hours of idiotic adoration, and to close this domestic chronicle our boy C—— has just gone up to H——, grieved to the heart to leave his garden and his dogs and horses.

Our political campaign is of unusual dullness. In fact nobody can give any good reason for putting R—— out and P—— in, even you, if you were here, Cobdenite enraged as you are, could hardly vote for a man like P——, and for a party who claim to be good protectionists as we are. The most comical incident

of the campaign is D. B. H——, who is the author of P——'s candidacy, becoming alarmed lest his own shady character should injuriously affect his candidate, coming out in a promise that he will not take office if P—— is elected. It reminds me of a Jew clothier trying to sell a secondhand garment to a bowery tough, who sniffs and intimates an ill odor to the coat. "Oh no, my vrendt," says the child of Israel, intent upon his trade and willing to sacrifice to it something of personal self-respect, "it is not the goat vot schmells, it's me."

Faithfully yours.

HAY TO COUNT CASSINI.

Newbury, N. H.,

Sept. 8, 1904.

DEAR EXCELLENCY :

Your kind letter of the 31st of August reached me here only yesterday, having been delayed by the holidays in the Department at Washington. I have read it with great attention and the

liveliest interest. You are right in presuming that we are most anxious that the neutrality of China shall be respected in every possible way during the present conflict in the Far East, which we so profoundly deplore. It was in pursuance of this earnest desire that on the occasion of the incident at Cheefoo to which Your Excellency refers, we thought proper without assuming to ourselves the right to sit in judgment on the acts of friendly powers—to advise the Japanese Government to return the Reshitisin to the custody of the Chinese Authorities, advice which they did not see fit to accept.

In the present disposition of the two great belligerent Powers, it is most difficult to make any suggestion which would be acceptable. We can only maintain an attitude of strict neutrality and of sincere friendship to every one concerned, in the hope that Providence may hasten the day of an honorable and lasting peace.

I need not repeat to Your Excellency what I have so often said, that your unfailing courtesy and frankness which have made our personal intercourse so delightful, and your sincere friendship to this country, of which you have given so many proofs, are thoroughly appreciated by

all connected with the American Government. When I am set free from the cares of my present position I shall carry with me into my retirement no more agreeable souvenir than that of Your Excellency's acquaintance.

I am always, dear Count Cassini,

Faithfully yours.

HAY TO SIR JOHN CLARK.

Newbury, N. H.,

Sept. 13, 1904.

DEAR SIR JOHN :

I am sending you a pamphlet or two to give you some idea of the way we are carrying on our campaign this year. R——'s speech is to my mind one of the best political statements I have ever read. The other address is by F—— W——, son-in-law to the late M—— A——, a New York lawyer. It is lively and I think readable. But after all the reason I send them

is for the type. The dress is handsome, no matter what the substance may be.

Everything looks favorable for R——. I know it is not best that one party should be always in power, but the time never comes when we experience the patriotic desire to be beaten for the common good. And certainly, this year, I can see no reason why P—— should be preferred to R——, though in that improbable event I should lay down my load with much satisfaction.

It seems a sin to leave this exquisite country in its autumnal bravery, and go back to the worries and bickerings of Washington. I think I shall be glad when it is over—but who knows?

Yours affectionately.

HAY TO THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Newbury, N. H.,

Sept. 13, 1904.

DEAR THEODORE :

Well, my dear Theodore, you had two glorious victories yesterday. Your letter had been getting better and better since I saw it, and it is now what they call "a whirlwind campaign" in itself. It is magnificent—not only in substance but in tone and temper. It has the unmistakable air of a winner,—the force as well as the reserve authority.

And Maine—we have heard how she went.

She went, by gob,
For Governor Cobb,
And Roosevelt and
Fairbanks too.

I judge from the tone of our friends the enemy that they are losing all heart and hope. I am getting sorry for P—— —they will turn and rend him before long. I do not doubt he

already wishes that comfortable judgeship back again.

Everything they do is ridiculous. But their rally in defence of the Constitution is most absurd of all. One of these days they will be saying it is unconstitutional to read the Constitution.

HAY TO MRS. P—— W——.

Newbury, N. H.,
Sept. 18, 1904.

MY DARLING H—— :

I have not a word to say but, as there are a few minutes not otherwise disposed of before dinner I write merely to say, Hello. Little Evelyn leaves us to-morrow and your Mother goes to Boston to put her on the train. She expects to come back Wednesday or Thursday with what is left of poor C——, who has been putting in a few weeks in what I am sure is a hopeless struggle with Algebra. How any one ever gets through College now-a-days I can't

imagine. I could not do it if you offered me Diamanten and Perlen.

Nothing has happened of late except that G—— saw a deer on top of the hill, and I saw a mink down by the den. It is getting to be a dull place: even the bass have ceased to bite.

I suppose your Mother has told you that your Uncle C—— and his wife are to be here for a few days next week, while you are here. They will find Joan a charmer, and the young Czarewitch (I have spelt that wrong but wots the hodd's long's your 'appy) as fine as the rose and expectancy of the fair state should be.

The trees are beginning to turn and they will be very handsome by the time you arrive. It will be a long week till you come, and a very short one to follow, for I have to preach an Eirenicon on the 3rd to the Peace Congress in Boston, and to get there by noon I shall have to leave here on Saturday. I am crazy to see you.

HAY TO A. H. W.

Washington, D. C.,

Sept. 15, 1904.

MY DARLING A——:

Here's a good idea. I know you have no outlandish visitors yet in Mt. M——, so here are some cards for your basket. They will fill a felt want. You don't know how cunning those little S—— princes were. They were perfectly devoted to each other and, like DuMaurier's Frenchman in London, they sing tra la la and they love their Mama and the English they speaks him quvite well.

The younger one—C——, is a dear. He isn't bigger than a pin, but he is an officer of Hussars in the R—— Army.

HAY TO LOUBAT.

Newbury, N. H.,
Sept. 22, 1904.

MY DEAR LOUBAT:

I have received the copy of your *Codex Magliabecchiano* which you were so kind as to send me, and find it extremely interesting even to a layman as ignorant as myself.

Our Summer is ending, and the stress of the Presidential election is upon us. Yet I have never seen so quiet a campaign. I can only account for the apparent apathy on the supposition that the people have made up their minds that they do not care for a change. Certainly all the signs point to an overwhelming majority for R——.

I am with many thanks and best wishes,

Faithfully yours.

HAY TO R. U. JOHNSON.

Department of State,
Washington, Oct. 5, 1904.

MY DEAR JOHNSON :

I have read these anecdotes, and they seem to me trivial in themselves and *suspects* in their origin ; but I suppose I am not a good judge of Lincoln stories. They show the ear-marks of fabrication or loose recollection ; as *e. g.*, Lincoln and Douglas calling each other "Steve" and "Abe"—something I am sure never happened.

HAY TO ADAMS.

Department of State,
Washington, Oct. 24, 1904.

I have nothing in particular to say to you, O Guide of my wandering soul ! We are in the fag end of the most absurd political campaign of our time, and it looks like R—— to the

gamblers and the Jews—the most intelligent classes of our citizens. W—— McV—— embraces his dear T——, and tells him he is all right—and F—— McV—— is a far more valuable recruit. Gen'l M—— comes out for P—— in a letter full of sound Republican doctrine. C—— has all the money he needs,—about half what H—— had. And P—— confidently expects to win with the aid of S——, C—— and A——, *defensoribus istis*, who would hoodoo an archangel.

Otherwise things go their dull round. The town is as yet of a hollow emptiness. Not a soul here—they are all on the stump,—and mighty few blessed ones. . . . All my tribe flourish. Joan W—— shows gleams of intelligence. When she finds a caricature of me, she says —“Grampa” —to her mother in awe and shame, and then hides the paper.

We long for you. H—— J—— will be here after a while and life will be grim and grey and doddering and happy for all of us.

HAY TO W. L. STONE.

Department of State,
Washington, Nov. 3, 1904.

MY DEAR STONE:

. . . . Do not talk of anything so ridiculous as my being a candidate for the Presidency. I shall never hold any office after this, and I expect to be comfortably dead by 1908.

HAY TO THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

800 Sixteenth Street,
Lafayette Square,
Nov. 16, 1904.

DEAR THEODORE:

I cannot talk about it—so I will write you a word.

My brother was my first friend and my best. I owe him everything. He was only four years older than me, but he had a sense of

right and of conduct which made him seem much older. He was always my standard. He was not so quick at his books as I was, but far more sure. He taught me my Latin and Greek so that I made better recitations than he did, and got higher marks—which was a gross injustice. But he took more interest in my success than in his own. He made many sacrifices for me, which I, with the selfishness of a boy, accepted as a matter of course. He fought my battles. It was ill for the big boy whom he caught bullying me. Once I dreamed we were Christians thrown to the beasts in the Coliseum. He stepped between me and a lion and whipped the great cat with his fists, then seized me and dragged me through a subterranean passage till we came out on the Appian Way. Years afterwards when I went to Rome, I looked about to see where all that had taken place. It was as clear and vivid as any real action of my life.

He was my superior in every way but one—the gift of expression. His scholarship was more exact than mine. He had wonderful skill with his hands; could make better balls, bats, kites, fishing-rods, etc, than could be bought in

the shops. Once he gathered up all the pamphlets in the house, and bound them neatly though he had never seen a book bindery. He was—as I have been told by those who served with him—the best company officer and the best adjutant in the army. Yet he had no luck in promotion. His rigid sense of duty forbade him to seek advancement, and he sternly forbade me ever to mention his name at headquarters. I obeyed him because I knew he would have refused a promotion which came through the solicitation of his friends.

He was the chief of my tribe, in birth as well as in mind and character. We were not a handsome family, the rest of us—but he was unusually good looking, tall and straight and brave.

Now he has left us, and I never had a chance to get even with him for all he did for me when we were boys. My uncertain health, the weather, and other futilities have even kept me away from his funeral. I feel remorsefully unworthy of him.

HAY TO SIR G. O. TREVELYAN.

Department of State,
Washington, Jan. 14, 1905.

MY DEAR TREVELYAN :

I need not tell you with what pleasure I received your letter written last month. I have delayed for a long time to reply, because I wanted a moment of leisure in which I could write you at some length; but as that moment may never come I send you a hasty word to-day to express my deep appreciation of your kindness.

I certainly hoped that after the election a time would come for me which has years been longed for, of comparative rest and ease; but the President, in his kindness of heart, without any consultation with me, one morning announced to the newspapers that I was to remain Secretary of State until 1909, thus making it impossible for me to get away without scandal. I have no idea that my term of office will extend to that unconscionable length; in fact I have grave

doubts whether this tenement of clay which I inhabit will hold together that long; but at all events I am in for it for a year or so more.

I wish I could look forward to so cheery a prospect as that of visiting Stratford in your company, but that prospect also is dim. Walking with H—— A—— the other day, I expressed my regret that by the time I got out of office, I should have lost the faculty of enjoyment. As you know A——, you can understand the dry malice with which he replied:—“Make your mind easy on that score, sonny! You’ve lost it now!”

HAY TO JAMES FORD RHODES.

Department of State,
Washington, Jan. 14, 1905.

MY DEAR RHODES :

An unconscionable time has elapsed since I received the fifth volume of your *History*. First, I had to fight for the hours necessary for its perusal, and since then I have appeared never

to find a minute when I could write to thank you, and even now I can say nothing about it except to express my profound gratitude for the pleasure I have had in living over again in your pages the scenes that were so familiar to me years ago. It is like walking through the scenes of one's youth with a wise and candid friend to comment on the scenery and the people from a detached and impartial point of view.

I congratulate you on the great success you have had in this weighty undertaking of yours, and upon the popular appreciation and approval which has crowned your work.

HAY TO ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Department of State,
Washington, Feb. 9, 1905.

DEAR MR. CARNEGIE :

I have received your precious case of liquid golden fire, and have already begun the use of it, which has put enough life into me to sustain me on the way to the State Department.

I see you have forgotten, as is only natural, the course of events connected with our Isthmian Canal Treaty. Great Britain did not accept, but on the contrary peremptorily rejected the amendments of the Senate, as I was sure they would. It was the second Treaty we made, leaving out those idiotic amendments, which Great Britain accepted. I see little prospect of the Arbitration Treaties passing the Senate in any form.

HAY TO THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Department of State,
Washington, March 3, 1905.

DEAR THEODORE :

The hair in this ring is from the head of Abraham Lincoln. Dr. Taft cut it off the night of the assassination, and I got it from his son,—a brief pedigree.

Please wear it to-morrow ; you are one of the men who most thoroughly understand and appreciate Lincoln.

I have had your monogram and Lincoln's engraved on the ring.

Longes, O utinam, bone dux, ferias
Præstes Hesperia.

Yours affectionately.

HAY TO ADAMS.

Lafayette Square,
Friday, March 17, 1905.

DEAR ADAMS:

You must not think, because I am a silent and sulky oaf, with nothing to say for myself, that I am unconscious or neglectful of all your kindness. I know perfectly well that, if it had not been for your thoughtful help and sympathy, Mrs. H—— would never have had the courage to plan this journey. For myself I have no mind or will left, and but for you and her, I would have lain down like a mired ox and given up my task.

I am a poor creature and hardly worth salvage—but I am not ungrateful.

We hope to see you at the boat Saturday morning,—and the sight will be good for our eyes.

HAY TO AUGUSTUS ST.-GAUDENS.

Nervi, April 12, 1905.

MY DEAR ST.-GAUDENS :

It has just occurred to me that I left God's country without saying anything of those mineral treasures of mine in your charge. Whenever you like to be rid of them, please send them at my cost and risk, to the Department of State, where they will be taken care of.

As the American newspapers have set forth at quite unnecessary length my miseries before sailing, I need say nothing more about them. We had a delightful voyage, summer seas, and a ship as steady as a church. My doctor here says there is nothing the matter with me except old age, the Senate, and two or three other mortal maladies, and so I am going to N—— to be cured of all of them. This involves parting with the Porcupinus Angelicus—and I would almost rather keep the diseases. He has been kindness itself—the Porcupine has “passed in

music out of sight," and the Angel has been perfected in him. As Sir Walter sings:—

Oh, Adams ! in our hours of ease
Rather inclined to growl and tease,
When pain and anguish wring the brow
A ministering angel thou.

HAY TO ADAMS.

Bad Nauheim,
April 30, 1905.

Brightest and best, drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids. You did have a hard time but one cannot but say *fallait pas qu'y aille*. Why did you give me all your good French money? Why did you leave with empty pockets when mine were gorged with your cash? Why, when disaster came upon you, did you not wire me? and ad infinitum. But I hope this severe dispensation may be blessed to your permanent advantage. I was once complaining to B—— H—— of my lack of funds:—"Your own fault,"

said the wise Argonaut. "Why do you fool away your money paying your debts?"

Mrs. H—— bids me give you her love, and say you made a great mistake in leaving N—— just now. Spring set in the moment you turned your back. Birds and wild-flowers have come romping in. The drives to the funny little towns and villages are very entertaining. But perhaps after all, you did what was right. I am duller than ever. My doctor is an austere Bavarian and does not mince matters. I asked him why R—— and O—— never discovered the hole, or rather bump, in my heart. He said:—"Perhaps they did not want you to know it; or perhaps they could not find it. There are few men in the world so sure of their affair as I am."

He gave me a curious illustration of the effect of mispronunciation on the mind. I had asked him what cheese was edible. He said "None but Chervet," and spelled the word for me. I ordered it the next day and it came from Gervais.

I should judge from the papers there is rather a good lot of pictures in London. I do not know about Paris. You will tell me all about the Salon when I get there. Perhaps by that time I can go upstairs—though they forbid it here.

Think of me, leaping like a wild goat in N—— from jag to jag. Yet G—— says I am getting on, and tells me he has patched up worse machines than mine.

With which, may Heaven grant Us, many happy years.

JO EL HAY.

HAY TO ADAMS.

Bad Nauheim,
May 2, 1905.

My liege. Why do you ask? Of course I like butter, and my doctor says it is good for me, and I pine for a word from G—— and for two from Mrs. C——.

I do not see why you don't get your letters from N——. I got several to-day; one from A——, and another from L——; pathetic in their ignorance of the bolt which even then B—— and the H—— were preparing for them. And poor T—— —fancy him breaking camp a week too soon and careering back to Washing-

ton with mild Dutch reformed profanity and the gnashing of white teeth.—

“I feel chilly and grown old.”

Mrs. H—— is sufficiently satisfied with my progress to start for Paris next Tuesday, the 9th.

The B—— S——s have asked me to take my Nach-Kur at their Schloss Stixenstein. I am sorry not to be able to see it.

HAY TO ADAMS.

Bad Nauheim,

May, 1905.

DEAR H—— A.:

I thought you might like to read this letter of S—— R——. His simile of the break-up of the Neva is good. Please keep it for me—if you don't forget.

My doctor says I must not go to C—— to meet v. B—— and His awfulness. This is sad.

Yours,

The old un.

HAY TO ADAMS.

Bad Nauheim,
May 4, 1905.

. . . . My doctor told me to-day, after fooling for half an hour with one of the most amusing little instruments you ever saw, that my treatment was resulting well.

We were touched and grateful about the auto, but Mrs. H—— is starting for Paris, and she says I am too young to be trusted with such a dangerous plaything.

HAY TO A. H. W.

Bad Nauheim,
May 15, 1905.

MY DARLING A—— :

Here are a few postals that will give you some idea of what a pretty place this is. I hope you will never have occasion to make any more

intimate acquaintance with it. There is very little youth and beauty to be seen here, the elderly and the ugly fill the shady streets and the alleys of the Park, with wan faces and crawling footsteps. Mrs. C. E. B——, the J. H. H——s and one or two other Americans generally shift together at the hour of music on the terrace and Mrs. H—— called the coterie the Klatscherei (the gossip), but her husband suggested "The catch your eye" which seemed to me more appropriate as I hardly ever go without the gang pulling M—— and me in. But the main thing is the baths which are delightful; like being soused in a tub of warm appolinaris, and being a fixed duty, they give every day its interest and occupation.

HAY TO THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Bad Nauheim,
May 21, 1905.

DEAR THEODORE :

I wrote you yesterday, and this morning I received your letter from Glenwood Springs.

I need not tell you with what pride and pleasure we all read your speech at Chicago. It has the true ring of conscience and authority combined,—the voice of a man “who would not flatter Neptune for his trident.” It is a comfort to see the most popular man in America telling the truth to our masters, the people. It requires no courage to attack wealth and power, but to remind the masses that they too are subject to the law, is something few public men dare to do.

Yours affectionately.

HAY TO ADAMS.

Bad Nauheim,
May 21, 1905.

. . . . Dr. G——, who is as unsympathetic as a cast-iron Daughter of the Revolution, and would no more say a civil word to a patient than you would to a Senator, tells me to-day that I am getting well. He probably don't know, but I am going to act on his hint and leave here Saturday night.

HAY TO J. R. CARTER.

Bad Nauheim,
May 24, 1905.

MY DEAR CARTER :

I have a more awkward job for you than any I have ever asked you to perform for me. I shall be unable while I am in Paris and London to make any visits whatever, social or official. This

is the dictum of my doctor delivered to-day under solemn circumstances. The German Emperor has signified his august desire to have me visit B——, and the King of Belgium has invited me to visit him at E——. I asked my doctor about it, and he said with great emphasis that I must not think of going to either place, and that if I go to L—— or P—— (which he does not approve) I must on no account make any official or social engagements. He pretends to be satisfied with my improvement here, but in my present condition he says the least imprudence—and he calls every sort of function an imprudence, even an animated conversation,—would be likely to cause a serious relapse.

This opinion agrees so entirely with my own sensations, that I must be guided by it. So I am to have no fun, and to meet no personages, in P—— or L—— or anywhere short of Washington. If I get there alive it is no matter what happens.

I am very sorry, and very much ashamed to have to say this. I leave it to chance or opportunity or your own discretion how and when you will intimate to Lord L—— that I am not to have the pleasure I have so long looked for-

ward to, of paying my respects to him in person. I have of course had to say the same thing to McC—— and T—— —as I did in the beginning to H—— W——.

HAY TO DR. CHAS. WALDSTEIN.

Bad Nauheim,

May 24, 1905.

MY DEAR WALDSTEIN:

There never was a man so unfortunate as I am. I sail on the 7th; having already postponed my sailing twice, it is quite impossible for many reasons, to do it again. But even if that were not the case, it is highly improbable that I could come to Cambridge at this time. I do not cry my wretched condition from the house tops but I am really not fit for decent company. The head is faint and the heart is sick. Dr. G—— thinks I am getting better and that I will improve after I get home. But

for the moment I can walk very little and talk still less.

I cannot tell you how deeply I appreciate the great honor¹ you mention. Nothing in the world would I prize so much if it were in my power to accept it.

Yours faithfully.

HAY TO EDWIN A. ABBEY.

Bad Nauheim,
May 24, 1905.

MY DEAR ABBEY :

Getting sick and dying is not nearly so serious a matter as it is to lose sight and touch of one's friends in the process. Your letter makes me ache to see you. By the same mail comes an invitation to Cambridge to receive a Degree the week after I sail for home. That is past praying for, but I hope I may see you and Mrs. A—— during the few hours we are to be in London. Our stay there is so short, and my

¹To receive a degree from Cambridge.

health so uncertain that we have declined thus far all our friends' invitations. Mrs. H—— or I will communicate further with you.

I have nothing amusing to say about myself. The doctor says I am better, and that I may look for further improvement later on.

Let me congratulate you on all your glories and successes which have pleased me as much as if I had a share in them. . . .

HAY TO WHITELOW REID.

Brook Street,
June 3, 1905.

MY DEAR REID :

It is little more than Hail and Farewell, but I shall be glad to shake you once more by the hand. C—— tells me you are whelmed in engagements up to the chin, but I must manage a minute and a half with you, one way or another.

Your offer of the hospitality of D—— House

was characteristically princely—but we are too feeble a folk for such a splendid racket.

If there is a midday hour in which you will be comparatively quiet, we should like very much to take lunch with you and Mrs. R——, and will come to-morrow (Sunday) or Monday, which ever suits you best.

There is not much left of me, but I shall be glad and proud to see you, where I have long desired to see you, in a place you will not only fill but adorn. . . .

HAY TO SIR JOHN CLARK.

London, June 6, 1905.

DEAR SIR J——.

I have been here for four days, and we start for W—— to-morrow. When I left N—— the German Doctor G—— told me I must not pass by P—— and L—— except under bonds to see nobody, and do nothing either sensible or amusing. The exigencies of my Nachkur for-

bade it. So I go away from these two homes of my heart as if I had passed through them in a nightmare, held back from everything pleasant by some Satanic influence. Most afflicting of all is the thought to me and my wife that we are passing through Great Britain without a sight of you, our oldest and best friend on these Islands. But there is no remedy. I must not travel by rail except the strictly necessary to get me to L——, and therefore must say Good-bye and God bless you in this most unsatisfactory way.

They tell us that I have profited by N—— and I am fain to believe it. But the course is a depressing process, and one begins to feel the advantage of it only after a month or so of rest. I am going to W—— simply to say Ave Cæsar! to the President and then to my rocks and trees in New Hampshire.

C—— is doing nicely at H——, and we are all of us, except the old man, well and happy.

A—— has been an angel in our need. He went with us to Italy, stayed with us two weeks at N——, and stood by us till I was settled at N——. He is in P—— now, where his automobile is the delight of a lot of pretty women

who go with him on hundred mile flights from P—— and back.

Farewell, dear and generous friend. We never forget you when we think of this beautiful Elder world, and the happy days we have spent here.

HAY TO ADAMS.]

R. M. S. "B."

June 7, 1905.

Thus far—*sin novedad*. I have had my usual and proper share of duck-fits and there is no reason to kick at the doctors. I am still following the G—— regime, and holding the R—— programme in reserve. I am, if anything, a little to the good since leaving Paris.

I see your friend, the K——, has at last taken the scalp of D——. He will be after mine next—to which he is welcome. He has evidently done it out of sheer wantonness. Characteristic, his rushing to B——'s house and making him a Prince on the spot to advertise his score. S——

turned up in London yesterday. He says he does not think the K—— means or wishes war with F——. He wants merely to insult her publicly by way of notifying her that if she does not want him to do it again, she had better make friends with him.

The situation is not, as it appears, satisfactory to anyone. F—— has been profoundly humiliated and does not care to show any resentment. E—— is not inclined to sympathize with her, as she seems unconscious of her injury. The B—— is licking his own wounds and does not care what happens to the C—— and the L——. It was a good time for the K—— to tread the stage in the Ercles vein.

I do not quite see what T—— is doing. He is busy—that's of course.

This is an enormous boat and seems comfortable. My cabin is big enough to give a ball in.

Love and thanks a thousand times over for all your generous kindness. I hardly feel worth so much.

HAY TO SENATOR C——.

June 10, 1905.

DEAR SENATOR C—— :

I rarely ask a favor personal to myself, but I shall be greatly obliged to you, if you will prevent any further consideration by the Senate of the Resolution you presented last winter permitting me to accept the distinction of Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor conferred upon me by the French Government.

Perhaps you will pardon me in a word of explanation. It has more than once occurred that I have been informed that such tokens of good will were contemplated by foreign governments. But I have always replied with grateful acknowledgments of the honor intended and a request that the offer should not officially be made. On this occasion, however, in view of the statement by the Government of the French Republic that the compliment was tendered in recognition of the work done by the American Government during the last seven years in the

interest of the world's peace, it was felt by me and by those whom I consulted that it could not properly be declined; and that it was probable that no objection would be made in any quarter.

In this I was mistaken. I was entirely unaware of the feeling existing towards me among some prominent members of my own party. But since it is evident that such a feeling exists, I beg that you will prevent the further consideration of your Resolution which failed of adoption last winter, as it would lead to a discussion which would be without advantage in any way, and would inevitably not be agreeable to the Government of a friendly Republic which was offering us a token of courtesy and good will.

Yours faithfully.

HAY TO DAVID J. HILL.

Department of State,
Washington, June 22, 1905.

DEAR DR. HILL:

Your letter of the 29th of May greeted me on my arrival here. The book has not yet arrived, but I have left orders that it shall follow me to New Hampshire where I shall have the leisure and the tranquil mind required for its enjoyment. I congratulate you in advance on the progress you have made in your great work, and anticipate much pleasure in reading your first volume.

It is simmering weather in Washington; yet since I began this note seven ministers have been here, about nothing in particular. I came down into this torrid zone in defiance of my doctor's orders, as I had to see the President and clear off a ton of accumulated stuff from my desk. But I shall flit to-morrow for The Fells, if there is enough left of me to transport.

. . . .

DIARY.

June, 1905.

I say to myself that I should not rebel at the thought of my life ending at this time. I have lived to be old; something I never expected in my youth. I have had many blessings, domestic happiness being the greatest of all. I have lived my life. I have had success beyond all the dreams of my boyhood. My name is printed in the journals of the world without descriptive qualifications, which may, I suppose, be called fame. By mere length of service I shall occupy a modest place in the history of my time. If I were to live several years more I should probably add nothing to my existing reputation; while I could not reasonably expect any further enjoyment of life, such as falls to the lot of old men in sound health. I know death is the common lot, and what is universal ought not to be deemed a misfortune; and yet—instead of confronting it with dignity and philosophy, I cling instinctively to life and the things of life, as eagerly as if I had not had my chance at happiness and gained nearly all the great prizes.

